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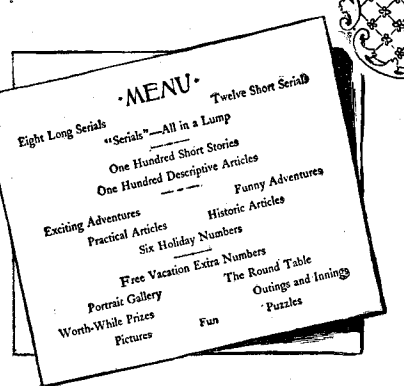

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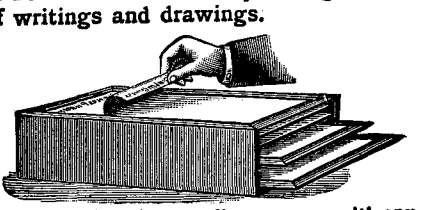

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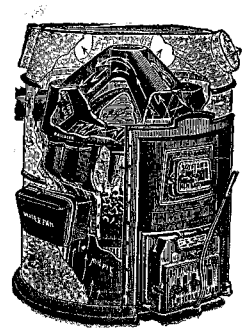

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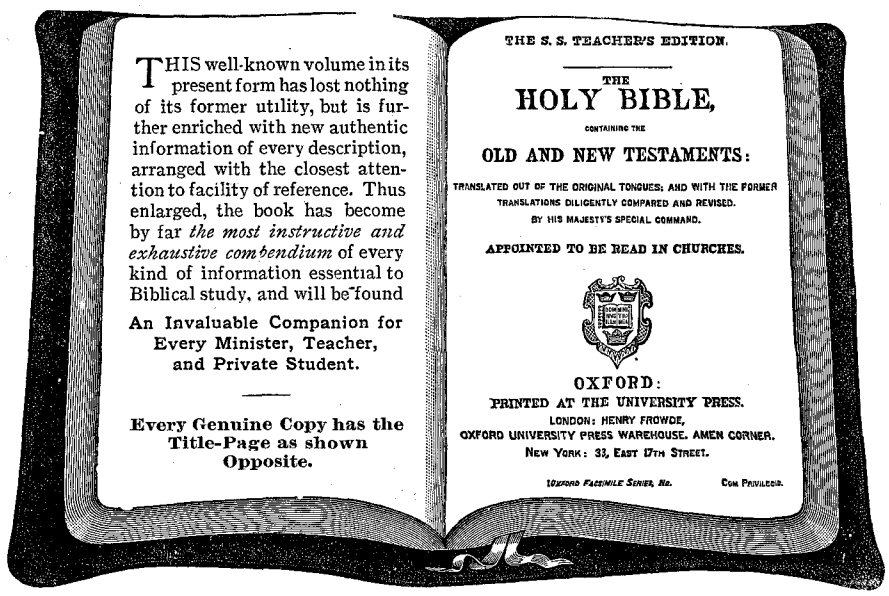
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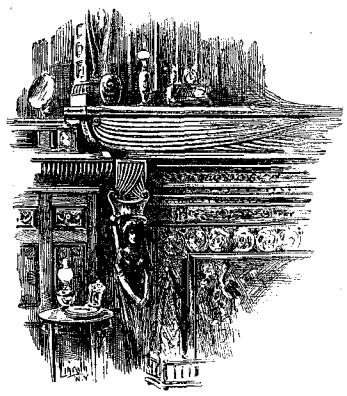

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Volume 48 For Week ending 21 October, 1893 Number 17

The Week

THE continuous session in the Senate ended in the way that seemed inevitable to those who understood the rules of the Senate. Even had the opponents of repeal been fewer in number, they could still have prevented a vote, if the rules were followed. In the first place, the majority had to keep a quorum constantly present, or an adjournment would be ordered. In the next place, the minority only needed to keep enough of its members present to prevent the debate from ending. In the third place, even those members of the minority who were present could not be compelled to answer to their names, and the Democratic President of the Senate was unwilling to adopt Speaker Reed's ruling and record them as present in order to make up a quorum. The result was that, in the contest of endurance, the majority was obliged to keep nearly every one of its members present continuously, while the minority could relieve one another by watches. Beyond this, the minority had the further advantage that its members were generally younger men, and could better have endured such a contest had the terms been equal. These, however, were not the most decisive of the minority's advantages. At the outset of the struggle on Wednesday evening, Senator Dubois, of Idaho, stated the relative strength of the two parties in a few words singularly accurate. He said:

> "There are 39 Senators who favor unconditional repeal; 38 Senators are opposed to unconditional repeal, and would so vote. Eight Senators are against free coinage and against unconditional repeal, and desire a compromise between the two which will furnish a constant and continued use of silver. Some of these eight have introduced amendments which they would prefer, but all of them are anxious to reach a basis of settlement on a compromise. I admit that most likely every one of these Senators would vote for unconditional repeal if forced to a vote. Their reasons are honorable and sufficient for themselves, and their motives are not questioned. They would much prefer not to be forced to vote on the pending bill, however."

This statement was substantiated by the whole course of the struggle. A majority was in favor of unconditional repeal if forced to vote on that question; but a majority, to all appearances, was not in favor of a vote. It was this fact which made impossible the adoption of closure in order to bring about a vote, and made it extra hazardous for any of the numerous presiding officers who relieved Vice-President Stevenson to put the question to a vote in violation of the rules. When Senator Allen, of Nebraska, had talked the entire first night without a break in his voice, it was evident, not only that the contest would end in favor of the silver side, but that it would end speedily. At a quarter before two o'clock on Friday morning the Sergeant-at-Arms reported in writing his inability to secure the attendance of a quorum. Forty-two Senators were then present and answering to their names. Twenty-one were Republicans and twenty-one were Democrats.

❀

The result of the attempt to force a vote in the Senate on the Silver Bill has thus far failed. The indications are that, under the rules of the Senate, the minority control that body, and that, if it is sufficiently unscrupulous, or partisan, or even conscientiously obstinate, it can prevent the majority from taking action upon any measure brought before the body. It is idle to complain of the majority for not passing a closure rule, for the minority are equally able to resist indefinitely the passage of such a rule. It is idle, on the other hand, to defend the minority for their present course on the ground that they are standing for free discussion. Senator Voorhees has again and again appealed to the minority to designate a date when they are willing that a vote should be taken, and always without response. Neither the present debate of the minority, nor the amendments introduced by them, are for the purpose of securing action of any kind whatever. They are for the purpose of preventing action. The deadlock is apparently complete, and we can see but three possible outcomes. First, a compromise measure may be arranged by which silver shall continue to be coined for a certain specified period. A compromise on the silver question, though it would be unfortunate, would not be disastrous; but the question whether, in a constitutional government, the majority or the minority shall govern, is one on which compromise seems to us impossible. Secondly, the Vice-President might follow the example set him by Mr. Reed, of the last Congress, and practically set aside the rules of the Senate and so compel a vote. This would be revolution, and, in our judgment, revolution more disastrous than any panic produced by delay in the Congressional legislation. Thirdly, the Senate may adjourn and the majority may issue an appeal to the people of the United States, putting the facts, not of the silver question, but of the question, Who shall govern in the Senate of the United States? (and so in the Nation) tersely and clearly before the people. This might lead to some temporary financial depression, and probably would, but we believe that it would clear the air, settle the issue, and certainly result in such reconstruction of the Senate rules as would no longer give to a minority in that body power to permanently obstruct all legislative progress.

❀

That there is no danger of a new sectionalism was again illustrated last week by the numerous resolutions passed by Southern Boards of Trade demanding the immediate repeal of the Sherman Act. Memphis, Tennessee; Charleston, South Carolina; Charlotte, North Carolina, and Norfolk and Richmond, in Virginia, all took action in this way. Senator Harris, of Tennessee, who reviewed in the Senate the action of the Memphis Board of Trade, denied that this exchange represented the general sentiment in his

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State, but he did not deny that it represented the dominant sentiment in the cities. The city sentiment in the South on the currency question does not differ materially from the city sentiment in the North. The currency question is less of a sectional question than is the tariff. It may array country against city, and class against class, but it seems destined to efface the geographical divisions which have heretofore been the serious ones in our political life.

❀

The Gallic love of display and festivity and the Gallic exuberance of expression have made Toulon during the past few days a scene of uninterrupted gayety. The city has been almost buried in flags and decorations, the streets have been as crowded at three o'clock in the morning as at three o'clock in the afternoon, the illumination has been kept up all night, and the officers of the Russian fleet have been dined and wined and "addressed" within an inch of their lives. Whenever they took to the streets in carriages the horses were stopped by the crowds, and whenever they attempted to walk they were smothered with flowers, confetti, and favors. The welcome on the part of the French officers has been cordial in the extreme, but it has been as nothing compared with that which the populace have accorded to their guests. All this means, not that the French love the Russians with a peculiar and devoted affection, but that they are determined to make the most of the cordial relations which exist between the two countries, and that they have taken the opportunity to make a kind of counter-demonst.ation to the recent meetings of the heads of the Triple Alliance. France is anxious to feel that she is not alone in the European situation, and is determined to emphasize the friendship of Russia. So far as can be judged, the love-making has all been on one side, for the Russian bear is not easily captivated. He is especially shy of intimate relations with Republics; and while it is the policy of the French to make Europe believe that the ties which bind the two countries together are very intimate and definite, it is the policy of Russia to repress the ardor of France and to avoid giving offense to the Triple Alliance. France appears as an ardent lover and Russia as a coy maiden, who is disposed to postpone the important question whenever there is a probability of its being asked.

❀

The long coal war in England has ended in a victory for the miners. The cause of the struggle was the demand of the companies that the Federation miners should accept a reduction of twenty-five per cent. in their wages, owing to the fall in the price of coal. The men not only rejected the proposed reduction, but refused to arbitrate upon it. This refusal of arbitration alienated much of the public sympathy which the miners had hitherto possessed, and for a while it seemed that their struggle was being conducted in a most foolhardy way. The Federation leaders were naturally blamed for this, but when a referendum vote was taken among the miners, it proved another illustration of the truth of Professor Ely's observation that in labor troubles the trades-union officers are uniformly more conservative than the men. The first question submitted was, "Will you agree to the twenty-five per cent. reduction in wages, or any part thereof?" The vote stood: Yes, 226; no, 144,969. The second question was, "Will you accept the employers' offer of arbitration?" The vote stood: Yes, 406; no, 141,566. The last question was, "Shall all men resume work who can do so at the old rate of wages?" The vote stood: Yes, 61,496; no, 92,246. Two days before the vote was taken, the London "Chronicle" stated that the officers of the Miners' Federation favored the resumption of work where the old wages were granted, but the men, by a majority of over thirty thousand, insisted upon the continuance of the strike everywhere. One strange thing about the strike was the uncertainty as to what reduction in wages the companies asked. At the outset the managers called attention to the unquestioned fact that the wages of the men in the Federation had been advanced 40 per cent. since 1888, and proposed, as has been stated, a "twenty-five per cent." reduction. This was naturally understood to mean 25 per cent. of present wages; but after a few weeks some of the managers stated that it meant 25 points out of 140 (or 17 per cent.), and one manager stated that it meant only 25 per cent. of the 40 per cent. by which wages had been advanced. The end of the strike was brought about by the enormous rise occasioned in the price of coal, which made mining extremely profitable to the operators who broke away from the employers' combination. The men are victorious, but the war was most costly to them, as well as to their employers and the public.

❀

It is not at all likely that there is a serious basis for the sensational reports which have lately been coming from Brazil to the effect that the foreign Ministers in Rio Janeiro are combining to force a restoration of the monarchy. It is much more probable that they are trying to prevent the destruction of the property of foreign residents. There is quite a large fleet of foreign war-ships now in the harbor, and it is possible that their presence prevents the rebel fleet and the Government forts from such a continued exchange of shots as would lead to the destruction of the city. Certainly the bombardment so far has been intermittent and half-hearted. There is no real sentiment in favor of a restoration of monarchy by any Brazilian party. Admiral Mello, who heads the rebels, though originally a monarchist, is now a moderate republican in his views; President Peixoto, who is supposed to represent the radical republicans, was originally a very conservative man politically. The quarrel is really one partly between the army and the navy, and partly between individuals rather than parties. Peixoto made himself obnoxious to the navy long ago, and again lately in his treatment of Admiral Wandenkolk; and he has made other enemies by his attempts to compel the southern provinces to accept rulers of his naming. Yet he is supported by Congress with substantial unanimity, and has a strong hold over the army. Mello helped in putting Peixoto in the President's chair after Fonseca's dictatorship was overthrown, and his enmity toward Peixoto is of comparatively recent date. The "financiers" who, after the Republic was set up, nearly ruined it by fraudulent loans, have always been bitterly opposed to Peixoto, which is really the very best argument in his favor. On the other hand, he has unquestionably been dictatorial and aggressive in his conduct. One of the strangest things about Brazilian political revolutions is the placid way in which the people at large accept the revolutions and counter-revolutions brought about by a comparatively small number of men. The overthrow of the Empire, the first Republic, the Dictatorship of Fonseca, his overthrow, and Peixoto's Government, have all been brought about by small but active factions while the slow-moving general population have hardly been thoroughly aware of what was going on.

❀

The London "Spectator" puts the matter of the origin of the cholera plague very graphically when it declares that the object of the Mussulman pilgrim is to drink out of the

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Sacred Well at Mecca, but that "the Sacred Well contains nothing but liquid cholera-water swarming with cholera germs." Thus the vast multitude who go up to Mecca from all parts of the East take cholera into their systems and convey it from the center of Mohammedan worship to India, China, Turkey, Africa, and the southern shores of the Mediterranean. No sooner does the cholera get established on the Mediterranean than it makes its way into Europe, and from Europe into this country. Some time ago Dr. Ernest Hart analyzed the water of the Sacred Well and found it to be literally swarming with cholera bacilli, and immediately predicted another outbreak of the terrible disease. The latest reports from Arabia furnish an appalling confirmation of Dr. Hart's forebodings; for, if these reports are not exaggerated, nothing in the history of mediæval plagues surpasses in horror the scenes now witnessed along the roads to Mecca. Of the nine thousand persons who started from Tunis and neighboring ports last May, only one-half have returned. On June 24, when more than 100,000 pilgrims were gathered on the sacred mount at Mecca, the disease seems to have struck them as if it had been a visible force; the ground was literally covered with the dead and dying. The plague had assumed a form so virulent that it was impossible to approach the place. Finally a Turkish regiment, seven hundred strong, was ordered to remove the bodies. When the work was done, only two hundred of these soldiers remained. In the annals of modern heroism no regiment has ever performed a more heroic act. The lateness of the season may prevent another outbreak of the disease, but the plague has been sown all through the East, and next summer there must be a fearful harvest. The question of interference on the part of other powers is a very delicate and difficult one; but if International Congresses can be held for the purpose of preventing or stopping wars, is it not possible to call an International Conference for the purpose of protecting the whole world from a danger far greater than that of the most disastrous conflicts?

❀

Thackeray would have found material for a charming Roundabout paper in the recent outpouring of English enthusiasm over M. Zola, on his visit to London. The French novelist, although not received with open arms by the entire body of English men of letters, as one might suppose from some of the newspaper accounts, nevertheless had extended to him the hospitality of the Athenæum Club, which is associated with many of the best traditions of recent English literature, was the object of a great deal of social attention, and received an enthusiastic welcome from the Institute of Journalism, before which he read a paper on "Anonymity in Journalism." Thackeray would not have failed to comment on the fact that at the very time when a part of London was embracing the author of "L'Assommoir," a publisher who had attempted to bring out this book and its companions was being sent to jail for that act as an offense against the laws of the realm. But such cordiality as that accorded to M. Zola must not be taken too seriously. Courtesy and hospitality do not involve the acceptance of either the creed or the practice of the person to whom they are extended. London has recognized Zola as a man of great force and position in the contemporary literature of France, but she has by no means indorsed either his attitude toward life or his literary methods. Since Balzac, there has been no such tremendous worker among the French writers as Zola, and none whose work shows in greater degree the kind of moral fiber which comes from sustained toil of a heroic kind; but even the French world is repudiating Zola, because it is weary of him. The lines which are said to be graven deeply on the face of the novelist are symbolic of those other lines which are written on the face of his old constituency. Zola has gone to the end of his method; he has worked it out, and there has begun the inevitable reaction. If not an exhausted force, he is at least a force incapable of further expansion, and recognition in London will not save the declining cause of naturalism.

❀

One of the frankest and most authoritative utterances with regard to the nomination of Maynard for the Court of Appeals bench comes from the lips of a retired Justice of that Court, whose sentiment may probably be accepted as that of the judges themselves, Governor Flower's lame and impotent attempt to impress the Court of Appeals into the service of Judge Maynard having signally failed. "The office of a judge," says ex-Judge Danforth, himself a Democrat, "is not a political office; it is personal in its character. We are bound to inquire for ourselves and our clients whether the candidates for that office are men of integrity and purity of character." Judge Danforth characterizes Maynard as "a corrupt office-holder, detected in knavery and confessing knavery in boasting of his culpable act as the proudest act of his life," and adds, by way of summing up the case against him:

> "That act characterizes his life. If Maynard succeeds in this election, the honor the position confers will be rooted in dishonor. He is to be denounced as an unrepentant and boastful criminal, for the law says that a person who willfully destroys or misplaces legal records is guilty of a crime and is punishable with imprisonment. Again, if Isaac H. Maynard is elected, justice will have been perverted and every standard of integrity insulted."

The entire bar of the State, so far as its opinion is valuable, is a unit against the election of a man who carries a tainted name and a wrecked reputation to the highest bench of the State. Nothing shows more clearly the rule of the ring in this State than the fact that the Democratic party should take up a smirched candidate for a position which not only demands unsullied character but spotless reputation as well.

❀

The annual Lake Mohonk Conference was held last week at the Lake Mohonk House, where about one hundred guests of hospitable Mr. Smiley assembled to consider the interests of the Indian race and the duties of the American people toward the Indians. A large portion of the time of the Conference was devoted to hearing from those who had been at work in the field. A notable address was that of Bishop Whipple, whose venerable form, pure English, fervent nature, and consecrated spirit make him, in the best sense of the term, a masterful orator. His testimony, confirmed by many others of experience scarcely less wide and convincing, established beyond all possibility of doubt the capacity of the Indian for the highest development; and some Indians from the Carlisle School, and two educated Indians from active life, one a clergyman, the other a physician, afforded object-lessons in further demonstration. Some of the illustrations given of the humor of the Indian, and of his quickness of intellect, as shown in repartee, were a surprise even to those who have long believed in Indian capacity. The work of the churches is for a time somewhat impaired by their decision not to take Government funds for ecclesiastical work, and by the pressure of the hard times; and the work of the Government is seriously impaired, temporarily, by the change of administration, involving as it does, under our spoils system, useless and worse than useless changes in personnel. The demand

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for the adoption of the spirit of Civil Service Reform in the Indian Bureau was strong and unanimous. The danger that funds belonging to the Indians and held in trust for them by the Government would be laid hold upon for the purpose of paying for alleged depredations by Indians was put before the Conference, and the advantage of using such funds, wherever practicable, in Indian education was strongly urged.

❀

In general, we may say that the Conference found few theoretical questions to discuss. The problem before the Conference was rather how to create a public opinion in support of the principles upon which all friends of the Indians are substantially agreed, and so, by that public opinion, to secure the necessary action both by Government and by the churches. For this purpose a permanent committee was constituted, the President of the Conference, Dr. Merrill E. Gates, President of Amherst College, being made the Chairman of the committee, "to prepare an appeal to the American people embodying these accepted principles; to secure indorsement of them by representative men of all religious bodies and geographical sections, and to urge them upon the public through the press, and upon Congress and the officials at Washington by personal appeal." Among the principles thus to be urged upon the people and upon Congress are the extension of the principle of Civil Service Reform so as to remove all appointments under the Indian Bureau from the influence of party politics; appropriations sufficient to equip and maintain schools adequate for the education of all Indian children of school age not otherwise provided for; the protection of Indian trust funds against unjust claims, and their expenditure, as far as possible, for the education and civilization of the Indians, the breaking up as rapidly as possible of the reservations, and "the incorporation of the Indians in the mass of American citizens;" and provision, made by Congressional appropriation or from trust funds, for "the maintenance of courts, schools, roads, or other public burdens, in the counties where Indians have received allotments of land exempt from taxation." Surely these last provisions should appeal equally to the East and to the West; to the sense of self-interest in the Western men, who are only thus to be protected from the burden which an ignorant and untaxed Indian population would throw upon them; to the sense of justice in those of the East, who ought to see to it that their Western brethren have not thrown upon them the burden which the Nation at large ought to bear.

❀

The New York "Times" has been calling the attention of the public to a series of prize-fights which is being carried on at a so-called athletic club in Coney Island. According to the "Times," the proprietors of this club have made upwards of $170,000 out of the gate receipts, and they are looking for a still larger return from a prize-fight to come off in December between Corbett and Mitchell, two famous "bruisers." The law of the State is perfectly explicit in its prohibition of such contests, declaring that "a contention or fight without weapons between two or more persons, or a fight commonly called a ring or prize fight, is a misdemeanor." But the Justice of the Peace of Coney Island is a member of the club, and supervises the contests; the District Attorney of the county is indifferent, and the Sheriff declares his approval of them. There is some attempt to defend these "athletic contests," on the ground that they are not "fights;" but the other night one of the contestants was knocked senseless, and remained unconscious, according to the report, for five minutes. If such a contest as this is not "a contention or fight without weapons," it would be difficult to know what sort of a contest comes within the statutory definition. Our readers will remember that an attempted prize-fight in Minneapolis, a year or two ago, was defeated by a great mass-meeting. It remains to be seen whether there is public sentiment enough in Brooklyn to demand the enforcement of the law against these brutalizing and unlawful exhibitions. It is to be said, however, that the people of Brooklyn have, just now, their hands very full in an endeavor to rid the city of a ring which imposes heavier taxes on them and gives them less for the taxes than Tammany Hall does for New York City.

❀

The news that receivers had been appointed for the Union Pacific Railway system was received very quietly in this city, as it had been expected for some time. The surplus earnings of the road last year were only $2,000,000. During the months of July and August its revenues fell off this amount as compared with last year, and during September they fell off a million and a half more. The reason for this heavy decrease was, of course, the extraordinary severity of the business depression in the silver-mining States, upon which the Union Pacific is so largely dependent. This road, it will be remembered, owes the United States $52,000,000. As this debt begins to mature year after next, there may be some compensating advantages in having the road in the hands of Government officers at the time when the Government must decide whether to sell its mortgages in the market for what they will bring, extend the loan under new promises of payment, or, under foreclosure, take the road into its own hands.

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Another important railroad event of last week was the partial righting by the courts of New York of certain wrongs committed in Ohio twelve years ago. In 1881 ex-Judge Stevenson Burke and several associates purchased the stock of three Ohio coal roads and consolidated them into the Columbus, Hocking Valley, and Toledo Company. They issued $8,000,000 of bonds, secured by mortgage on the consolidated road, and sold them for, approximately, $5,000,000. They represented that the proceeds of the bonds were to be used in double-tracking the road and for other improvements which would increase the value of the security. These improvements were not made. When those who had managed this operation sold their stock, the Company, under a new management, brought suit to recover the amount paid for the bonds. It was defeated upon the ground that Burke and his associates owned all the stock of the road at the time of these transactions, and their participation estopped their successors from complaint. Then ex-Congressman Belden, who had purchased $50,000 of the bonds in open market, brought suit in behalf of himself and other bondholders to compel Burke and his associates to make good the representations upon which the bonds were sold, by placing the security in the position it would have occupied if the proceeds of the bonds had been applied to improving the property. A lower court dismissed this suit on the ground that the banking firm which first purchased the bonds assented to the misappropriation, and therefore subsequent purchasers from them could not complain. The Supreme Court, in its General Term, reverses this decision, and holds Burke and his associates liable to pay over to the railway company the full amount of the proceeds of the bonds. They hold Burke and his associates liable both

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upon the ground of breach of trust and the ground of fraud. A $5,000,000 fraud in the management of property worth less than double that sum certainly goes beyond anything ever brought to light in the mismanagement of public property, even of the public property of New York City in the palmy days of the Tweed régime.

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Altogether the most interesting and best-conducted of the special investigations undertaken by the Federal Census Bureau is that relating to mortgages. It is by no means completed, but as the returns from additional States keep coming in, certain general truths become more and more apparent. In the first place, the volume of mortgages has rapidly increased. Even in New York, where the population had increased hardly one-fourth, the value of mortgages recorded during the year has risen from $133,000,000 in 1880 to $331,000,000 in 1889. The mortgage indebtedness outstanding in that State on January 1, 1890, was $1,607,000,000. Equally important are the indications that the number of tenant-farmers has been increasing. Unfortunately, a slight change has been made in the method of taking the census of tenant-farmers since 1880. In that year the figures represented farms; in 1890 they represented farm families. This change may in part account for the contrast, but, upon the face of the returns, the increase in tenancy has been from 13½ to 17½ per cent. in Vermont, from 24 to 29½ per cent. in Iowa, and from 45 to 58 per cent. in Georgia. We are sorry to notice that some of the later census bulletins are hardly reasonable in their estimates of the true value of the real estate upon which the mortgage indebtedness rests. For example, the bulletins for Minnesota and Colorado report a mortgage debt of $760 per family (of five) in the former State, and $1,030 for each family in the latter. Yet in Minnesota this enormous debt is assumed to be less than 19 per cent. of the true value of the realty, and in Colorado it is assumed to be less than 15 per cent. This would make the average value of real estate $4,000 per family in Minnesota, and $7,000 in Colorado. These figures are not easy to accept. The bulletin estimates for the Eastern States were apparently prepared with more care. In Pennsylvania the true value of the realty was estimated at $3,000 per family, while in Maine it was estimated at less than $2,000. Even in New York, in spite of the value of approximately $5,000 per family that attaches to the land alone in this city, the census valuation of the realty of the State is but $4,800 per family. We are not prepared to believe that real estate is proportionately more valuable in the West than in the East. If the people in Colorado are subject to a mortgage debt of $1,000 to a family, we are inclined to think that it represents much more than one-seventh of the value of their real estate.

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The popular agitation of the question of closing all shops on Sunday has reached so nearly the point of conceded success in Chicago that the "Herald" of that city, which can always be counted on to oppose anything savoring of Puritanism, has taken to arguing in a mild tone against the method, while it approves the end sought. Says a recent editorial in the "Herald:" "Agitation for making Sunday closing general and compulsory has reached the point where advocates of the panacea of law for all evils want an ordinance to compel shopkeepers to close Sunday. Would it not be better to organize reasonable sentiment among the people not to patronize shops that are open Sunday?" This agitation in Chicago has not been by any means primarily a religious movement. It has had, of course, the hearty co-operation and indorsement of prominent clergymen and church people; but it has also enlisted the influence of workingmen's associations, and these have the strongest "pull" with the politicians. At a recent mass-meeting of the Sunday Rest Association—the audience, according to the "Herald" report, "filling the hall, gallery and pit"—L. T. O'Brien, of the Retail Clerks' Association, stated that "the American Federation of Labor, the Illinois State Federation of Labor, and the Chicago Trades and Labor Assembly have declared that no man working for a living shall buy anything on the Sabbath Day." If the agitation accomplishes what it now hopes to, and secures the passage of an ordinance closing on Sunday the shops of Chicago, it will be almost as notable a victory for a Sunday of rest as would be such a reform in Paris itself. Chicago has long been the most conspicuous of American cities in its disregard of the ordinary decencies of Sunday observance.

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The Municipal League of Philadelphia, an organization having in its Board of Management such men as the Rev. Dr. Henry L. Wayland, Stuart Wood, and Professor James, has issued "Tract No. 1" of a series relating to municipal affairs. It is entitled "The City of Philadelphia, Its Stockholders and Directors," and takes up the disposition made by the City Councils of the common property in the public streets. The record of mismanagement is more disgraceful than anything that has been written of similar abuses even in New York. It appears that since 1857 there has never been a time when the city had not the power to regulate the fares charged and the accommodations furnished by city railways, and even acquire the roads "by paying the original cost." In spite of these powers to protect the public, the City Council has increasingly legislated in the interests of private corporations. The larger the sums these corporations were already extorting, the more complete has been the subjection of the City Councilors to their dictation. For example, last year, when the Traction Company applied for privileges which, as it has proved, immediately added $6,600,000 to the market value of its stock, the Councils promptly granted its application, and then, in spite of the storm of public indignation, repassed the measure over the Mayor's veto by a majority of 25 to 10 in Select Council and 77 to 31 in Common Council. "Tract No. 1" takes up the finances of ten leading street railway companies, exclusive of the Traction Company, and publishes their dividends for the last ten years over against the capital actually invested in them. The table stands as follows:

Capital invested	$5,840,000
Dividends for decade	15,164,000

Assuming that the city ought to have allowed these companies ten per cent. yearly on their investment, there was a surplus profit of over $9,000,000 which should have been turned into the public treasury. The effect of these abnormal profits upon the market value of the securities of these companies is set forth as follows:

Amount invested	$5,840,000
Market price of securities	38,480,000

In other words, the public is paying interest upon over $32,000,000 it never borrowed. This sum, the Tract urges, has been lost to the city through a vicious system of primaries and the willingness of honest and public-spirited citizens in both parties to go to the polls year after year and vote for municipal officers according to their attitude on National questions. We have never seen facts calling for reform presented in a way better calculated to secure it.

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GENERAL NEWS.—Spain has prepared an expedition for

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the relief of Melilla, which is again threatened by the Moors; it is rumored that Great Britain may be asked to intervene between Spain and Morocco.——The President of Guatemala has declared himself Dictator, dissolved Congress, and ordered a new election.——The Earl of Elgin has been appointed Viceroy of India.——There have been several deaths from cholera in Berlin during the past week, but the condition of affairs as regards cholera throughout Europe has generally improved.——The American yacht Vigilant won the third and decisive race with the British Valkyrie on Friday of last week; the race was much more closely contested than the two before it, and it is quite probable that but for accidents happening to the Valkyrie's sails she might have won this race.——The great storm of last week caused the loss of many lives upon the Sea Islands and upon the Carolina coast.——By a collision between two sections of a World's Fair excursion train at Jackson, Mich., on Thursday of last week, more than a dozen passengers were killed and a greater number injured. ——It is now intended to keep the World's Fair open later than the end of this month, although that is the formal date of closing; the attendance during the last week has been remarkably large.——The Brooklyn Republicans have nominated Mr. Charles A. Schieren for Mayor.——On Monday the House of Representatives, by a vote of 178 to 1, passed the McCreary Bill, which amends the Geary Chinese Exclusion Act by giving Chinese residents in the United States six months from the signing of the bill in which to comply with the conditions of registration, and by further defining the word "laborer" as used in the Geary Act.

The American Board

The results of the remarkable meeting of the American Board at Springfield, of which our special correspondent gives a full report in another column, may be epitomized in a paragraph.

The membership of the Board is to be enlarged, by annual additions, to 350; two-thirds of the future members are to be elected on nomination of the State and local Associations; the Prudential Committee is enlarged to fifteen, some of them not residents of Boston, though all living within easy reach of it; the Committee is to be constituted in three blocks, each block to be elected annually, but to serve three years each, and after a service for three terms—that is, nine years—no member to be eligible for re-election until after one year from the expiration of his office; the Prudential Committee is requested to appoint Mr. Noyes—though this action is declared not to indicate any modification of previous utterances of the Board on the subject of future probation; and, finally, Dr. Alden has declined re-election as Home Secretary, and Dr. Thompson and Mr. Torrey as members of the Prudential Committee. The place of the former was filled by the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Daniels, of New York City, the New York District Secretary of the Board, a man conservative in his theology, catholic in his spirit, and of proved executive ability.

This does not mean a theological revolution. The Outlook agrees with Professor Fisher that the theological resolution unwisely adopted at Des Moines, against the protest of the then President of the Board, should be repealed, if at all, openly and directly, not by implication. The appointment of Mr. Noyes is not to be taken as an indorsement of the doctrine of future probation in any form. If there are any persons who desire to have the Board indorse that doctrine, they have still to wait the consummation of their desires. It is proper to add that we have never seen any person who has such a desire, and have never seen any one who has seen such a person. In our opinion, he is a myth.

But the action at Worcester does mean ecclesiastical revolution. It means that the Board is in the future to represent the churches whose contributions it receives and expends. It means that the Prudential Committee is not to be elected as if for life, but is to have from time to time new voices in its counsels. It means that the Secretaries are to seek, in the administration of their office, to carry out, not their own will, nor that of a practically permanent committee at Boston, but that of the churches. It means, in brief, that the Board, its Committee, and its Secretaries, all recognize that they are the servants, not the masters or caretakers, of the churches, and are to receive their instructions from the churches from which they receive their funds; or, to speak more accurately, that they are the hand and arm, not the head, of the body, and are to work in constant and unbroken sympathy with the head. It means the end of autocratic methods in a democratic organization. And it also means—so much at least is indicated by the approval of Mr. Noyes's appointment—that it is the will of the churches that a way be found by which men of different theological opinions on controverted points may work together, on the simple basis of loyalty to Jesus Christ as the Saviour of mankind. The action of the Board at Worcester is not a triumph of radicalism over conservatism, nor of progressive orthodoxy over conservative orthodoxy, nor of Andover over Dr. Alden; it is a triumph of the catholic spirit in the Congregational churches and in its Board, the more significant that it is won, not by a majority vote—that is, by one party over another party—but by a vote which is practically unanimous—that is, by the spirit of brotherhood in both parties over the spirit of faction in both parties. In answer to the suggestion that two cannot walk together if they be not agreed, and therefore that a portion of the Board would better depart and carry on their mission work in their own way, conservatives and liberals reply by this action, We are sufficiently agreed to walk together; for we are one in our Gospel message, and doubtful disputations shall not be permitted to drive us asunder.

It now only remains for the churches, by their contributions, to ratify this action of the Board at Worcester. One liberal church in this vicinity, which contributed nothing to the Board last year, has already appointed a special committee to devise some method for a personal canvass of its members, in order to secure as large a contribution as possible this year to the funds of the Board. This is a good example for liberal churches generally to follow. For years the liberal churches have continued their contributions, although they believed that the administration of the Board was shutting out devoted and capable men and women from the field and substituting less competent ones in their places. If any conservatives fear the results of the action at Worcester, let them so far emulate the spirit of their liberal brethren as not to lessen contributions for fear of possible evils until the evils appear. And let conservatives and liberals remember that saying, We can work together, is not the same as working together, and that the results of the meeting at Worcester are a subject of gratulation and thanksgiving only as the churches make it so by their practical ratification. Every State and local Association and every individual church should put forth a vigorous endeavor to make the year 1893–4 as memorable in its work as its opening is memorable for the promise it affords of unity and enthusiasm.

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A Typical College

The exercises commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the opening of Williams College, of which an account is given elsewhere, brought out very clearly the typical character of the College, which makes it representative of the best elements of American history and life. Colleges are essentially democratic in spirit and habit, and, while they sometimes lose touch with the national life about them, they are, as a rule, peculiarly sensitive to vital conditions and peculiarly dependent upon them. The moral and intellectual renovation now going on in the institutions of higher education in France is the swift response of the student mind and conscience to the better sentiment of the French people. For the college registers very accurately the moral and intellectual temperature.

Williams College was not the direct product of a Puritan influence; but it was the creation of a large-minded and heroic man, who fell with his face to the foe in the race-struggle which preluded the struggle for independence. It was set in a wilderness, remote but not inaccessible to the virile and sturdy settlers of western Massachusetts. It was not rich at the start, and it is not rich to-day; but it is the crown of one of the most beautiful valleys in the country; it is substantially housed; well equipped for its work; and it enters its second century with undiminished spiritual aspiration, unspent moral impulse, and large and growing intellectual opportunities. It has been strong in the individuality of its teachers, in their personal force, and in their commanding influence on their pupils. From the beginning of the century to the end the College has had the service of men who matched their competency with their self-denial; and the present head of the institution stands not a whit behind his predecessors in the worthiness of his ideals, the thoroughness of his devotion, the ardor of his personal surrender.

From first to last the element of personality has been strongly emphasized, and young men have been made to realize to the full the value of the personal soul and the greatness of its responsibilities. This is, at its best, one of the foremost American characteristics; this respect for one's self as standing in direct and independent relations with one's God; this confidence in one's own power reinforced as that power is by the power of God; this deep and controlling sense of individual responsibility laid upon one by the very greatness of the possibilities of individual life. It is this intense realization of the power of the individual, and of his duty to his fellows, that has made so many Williams graduates leaders of forlorn hopes in this and other countries, and has inspired them to undertake great enterprises with apparently inadequate means. From the memorable conference under the haystack in Mission Park in 1806 to the founding of Hampton Institute, Williams men have been conspicuous for the audacity of their faith.

They have been realists of the most direct and successful kind. They have not been recluses or dreamers; they have never withdrawn from the world because it was not a better and more congenial world for scholars to live in; they have never asked whether life was worth living. They have accepted life as a gift from God, the world as divinely made, and the work of the day as divinely appointed. They have assumed that action, not thought, is the final expression of the soul in this stage of its being; that character, not knowledge, is the end of living; and they have set themselves, wherever they have been true to the spirit of their Alma Mater, to doing the duty of the hour, not only without repining, but with courage, faith, and enthusiasm. The fiery impetuosity of General Armstrong was like a beacon flaring in the murky twilight of uncertain hopes, irresolute wills, and faltering faith.

But while they have been realists in their resolute grasp of things as they are, the representative Williams men have been in a still higher degree idealists. They have accepted present conditions, but they have never rested in them; they have straightway set about making them better. There is an idealism of life as well as of art—an idealism which lives in the vision of moral perfection as well as of æsthetic perfection. And the great missionary impulse which originated at Williams is the most magnificent illustration of idealism which the century has produced. No element has been lacking to the fullness of that seeking for the invisible beauty of righteousness in the darkest places of the world; knowledge, culture, rich opportunities, the truest sacrifice, have gone into that heroic devotion to an idealism which sought in the blackest night of evil conditions to lay the foundations of a nobler order and to bring in the beauty and brightness of a day lit by supernal light. Williams has bred scholars, men of letters, statesmen, and orators not a few; but in this commercial age her greatest service has been the holding aloft of the torch of a sublime faith, and the illustration of the sustaining and victorious power of a great idealism. A powerful sense of personality, a resolute grasp of things as they are, and the vision of enduring ideals, are inexhaustible sources of power.

Economy in the Use of Preachers

The Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales for the current year, one of the most honored of English laymen, is Mr. Albert Spicer, M.P. For many years Mr. Spicer has been distinguished for his great services to the churches. He is Treasurer of the London Missionary Society and of Mansfield College, Oxford; he has visited the various mission stations of English Congregationalists throughout the world; he has been the helper of young men and of feeble churches, and in many ways has fairly earned the high estimation in which he is held. In addition to the cares of a large business and the service so freely rendered to the churches, he is a laborious member of the Liberal party in the present Parliament. In his first address Mr. Spicer proved that the Union had chosen wisely in electing him its Chairman. His second address was delivered on Monday last, and was entitled "An Outlook on Congregationalism from the Standpoint of a Layman." In this address Mr. Spicer urges "the promotion of more healthy opinion in our churches as to the safeguarding of the health of our popular preachers, with a view to the better utilization of the powers with which they have been endowed. The number of men able to hold congregations for any length of time, of, say, one thousand, will always be extremely limited. I hold, therefore, that no congregation should feel itself justified in asking any such minister to preach to it more than once on Sunday; if this were accepted, swarms from churches in large towns with popular preachers might be rendered much easier, and the same sermon might be redelivered in a new building in a new district of the same town, or possibly in a large building in a poor district."

This is a most important utterance, and if heeded would increase the efficiency of the pulpit in many localities. It is the strong word of a wise and statesmanlike layman who looks beyond the individual church to the welfare of all the churches. No single church should feel itself justified in monopolizing the preaching of a peculiarly gifted

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preacher. One service, with one strong sermon, is enough for one place—after that, why not let the preacher go elsewhere with his message, while the second service in his own church is devoted to worship or Biblical study? Thus the strong and able preaching could be made to "go around," and those who are gifted as pastors would find their efforts supplemented by the most helpful work in the pulpit. Fewer sermons could be made to reach more people and do more good.

If it be said that there are many who cannot attend the one service, it may be replied, Then let them go where the preacher is, but do not allow such waste of energy and ability as is now so common in our system, under which a man able to help two thousand hearers is expected to preach a second time each Sunday to a handful of people, most of whom do not need the sermon, and many of whom could follow the preacher to some other church or to a hall, and listen to him there. Is it not time that there was a wiser economy in the use of those Christian workers who are gifted preachers?

Education Through Politics

The unbroken succession of questions pressing for answer on political constituencies everywhere is very significant of the educational aspect of political life—an aspect of the very highest importance, especially in this country, where many of the finer qualities of public life are sacrificed for the sake of universal participation in its struggles and rewards. There are many material and immediate ends served by government, but perhaps the greatest end is the uninterrupted training of the people by whose submission or by whose choice government stands. Every student of English or American political history knows that the strength of both countries, their stability and astonishing power of endurance, resides, not in institutions or in constitutions, written or unwritten, but in the political character of the two peoples—a character formed by a long and painful education. So fixed is this character, so inwrought into the very fiber of both peoples are the qualities of order, obedience to conscience, and self-control, that if, by any possibility, the present forms of government were overthrown, a new order would instantly come into being. Anarchy may be possible in a country untrained in self-government, like Russia; but anarchy would be impossible in England or America, simply because political education has carried men far beyond the stage in which anarchy is tolerated. And nothing that has been achieved by either country is comparable in value with this sharply defined character, in a sense independent of political institutions, and from which those institutions derive their stability.

There has been no end of shortsighted criticism of the French people because of their rapid changes of government and of ministries; but critics outside France forget how different were the conditions which obtained in the early days of France from those which obtained in contemporary England, and how very different the political education of France has been. The excesses of the Revolution were shocking indeed, but we see clearly enough that they were the natural fruit of the system under which the French people had suffered for centuries. We are not blind to the evils of the rapid and bewildering changes through which France has passed during the present century, but they are not inexplicable; nor, to those who have given the matter intelligent thought, do they indicate instability. The French are by no means the capricious and unstable people often described by stolid Saxon observers; they are, on the contrary, a people of immense reserve power, and with capacity both for resistance and endurance. No modern people has disclosed greater steadiness under crushing disaster, or nobler regenerating force. The story of French development since the German invasion is one of the most inspiring chapters in modern history. The French are not lacking in the deeper and stronger elements of character; but they have lacked the kind of political education which develops patience, self-control, postponement of one political end to another, and a clear recognition of the fact that in politics, as in every other field of human endeavor, the ideal condition is difficult of attainment and must be waited for. The French people are not only the most artistic and variously gifted of modern peoples, but they are also among the most teachable; and the history of the last ten years, in spite of changes of ministry, shows a steady advance in that political education which manifests itself chiefly in self-control, patience, and institutional stability. In the development of these qualities government in France is serving higher and more permanent ends than in the enforcement of definite policies at home or abroad.

The very interesting campaign which Mr. Gladstone has been conducting in Great Britain since 1887 derives its significance from its educational quality. The veteran statesman has been attempting to remove ancient sources of dissension by appealing to Englishmen to lay aside their prejudices, overcome their animosities, and reverse an inherited policy; more than that, he has set the example by a revolution in his own attitude toward the subject. There never was a finer illustration of a fundamentally educational use of political methods than this appeal to a stronger country to concede certain privileges to a weaker one, on the ground that such a concession is imperative as a matter of justice, and as a reparation for past injustice. The passage of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Commons was not only a recognition by the stronger of the rights of the weaker, but a very honorable confession of the injustice and failure of a policy intrenched behind centuries of practice and tradition.

This educational aspect of politics might be very strikingly illustrated by reference to current events in Belgium, Holland, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries; but we have too many illustrations at home to search for them abroad. The present discussion of the currency question is a prime illustration of the inevitable tendency of a public question in this country to quicken the intelligence of the entire community. The currency is a very perplexing matter even to experts, as every lay reader who has tried to inform himself by recourse to expert writing knows; to the non-expert community it has been a mysterious entity described but not comprehended by such phrases as "the medium of exchange." Now, however, this matter of currency has become of vital interest to every man and woman in America, and in every hamlet between the two oceans it is being vigorously discussed. No doubt there is much ignorance betrayed and many crude notions are aired, but in Congress, in books, magazines, newspapers, and by endless talk, the country is being informed, enlightened, educated; presently it will make up its mind, and it will reach a conclusion independent alike of the satire and abuse by some intolerant monometallists and of the dire prophecies of evil by some bimetallists. As a result of this discussion the right kind of currency will ultimately be secured, and in the right amount; but, fifty years hence, it may appear that the chief value of the fierce and passionate debate was the almost unnoticed education of the people which it incidentally effected.

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The American Board at Worcester

From a Staff Correspondent

NO meeting of the American Board in recent years has been anticipated with as great anxiety as that which has just closed its session at Worcester. Ever since the memorable meeting at Des Moines each meeting has been of great and even exciting interest. The meeting at Pittsfield, however, seemed to give promise of a turn in the tide of feeling; but that promise was rudely broken a year later at Chicago. All through the present year there has been an anticipation that a crisis would be reached at Worcester. When the Committee last spring decided to appoint Mr. Noyes as a missionary to Japan, it was felt that an era of good feeling had been inaugurated; but when, a few weeks later, that appointment was withdrawn, the expectation of excitement returned. That expectation has not been disappointed; and yet the meeting has been one of the most lofty and spiritual in its tone of any which has been held for many years. It was called to order by President R. S. Storrs in Mechanics' Hall, in Worcester, on Tuesday afternoon, October 10.

In a speech of great felicity of expression and heartiness of feeling, the Board was welcomed to Worcester by the Rev. Daniel Merriman, D.D. The response of Dr. Storrs was in his best vein, and was remarkably interesting because of the reminiscences of earlier gatherings which it contained. The last was the fourth meeting of the Board in Worcester. Every person who sat upon the platform at the meeting which Dr. Storrs first attended has passed from the earth. His remembrance of them was vivid, and he made his auditors see them as if they were living and sitting in the audience before him. The introductory exercises were hardly finished before Dr. Storrs said that he had received a large number of communications concerning the affairs of the Board—one from about twenty ministers of Chicago, one from the State Convention of Wisconsin, and many others—and asked the pleasure of the Board concerning them. It was voted that a committee of fifteen be appointed, to whom all such documents should be referred. Immediately there was a perfect avalanche of overtures and propositions from the floor. Professor Fisher offered one intended to relieve the Board from all instructions which had been given to it since the memorable meeting at Des Moines. Dr. M. M. G. Dana offered one which called the attention of the Board to the declaration of principles adopted at the National Council at Minneapolis. A little later the overture of the Connecticut State Association was presented by the Hon. Henry C. Robinson. In connection with this document one of the most interesting incidents of the meeting occurred. It had been proposed to refer all documents to the committee without reading. Mr. C. F. Thompson, of Brattleboro', Vt., presented a memorial from lay members of the Board, in which certain disputed points were considered, and which memorialized the Board as follows: "First, concerning the proposed enlargement of the Prudential Committee, we have no expression to make at this time. Second, in regard to the action of the Prudential Committee in what is commonly referred to as the 'Noyes case,' we desire, without reflection upon the Committee or its action in the past, to urge upon the Board—in view of Mr. Noyes's five years' proved efficiency as a missionary, and the earnest request of the Japan Mission for his formal union with that mission in missionary service—the immediate authorization of the appointment of Mr. Noyes by the Committee as one of the missionaries of this Board." This was signed by President Carter, of Williams College, the Hon. James White, the Hon. Charles P. Russell, of Boston, Judge Shipman, of Hartford, President Angell, of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence. When it was brought before the Board, the Hon. Henry C. Robinson secured the reading of the Connecticut overture, and made one of the brightest speeches of the whole meeting. It had been supposed that the reference to the committee of all such documents would save discussion; but it was found impossible to prevent the excited feeling of the members from finding utterance. The names of the Committee of Fifteen to whom was assigned the responsible duty of passing on these overtures are as follows: The Hon. Henry D. Hyde, the Rev. Henry Fairbanks, the Hon. J. M. W. Hall, the Hon. Chester Holcombe, ex-President S. C. Bartlett, Dr. Brand, A. L. Williston, Dr. S. H. Virgin, Dr. A. H. Quint, Professor G. P. Fisher, Dr. Charles R. Palmer, John H. Washburn, Galen C. Moses, the Hon. Ezra Stevens, and President C. F. Thwing. The appointment of this committee was felt by some to be intended to suppress discussion, and was recognized by others as simply intended to facilitate business. In the end, the wisdom of its appointment was fully justified.

Throughout all the sessions the addresses of the missionaries were of a very high order of excellence. If we mention only one or two, it is not because they were superior to the others, but rather because they were on topics which called forth more popular interest. It seemed to us that the addresses of the Rev. Robert A. Hume, of India, and the Rev. Mr. Kingman, of China, were of especial value—the first because it emphasized the sociological side of missionary work, and the second because it called attention to the glaring injustice of discrimination on the part of our Government against the Chinaman. Two other addresses of much interest were those of the venerable Josiah Tyler, of South Africa, and the Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu. Mr. Tyler said that if he could be permitted to go back to his work among the Zulus he would be supremely happy; and Dr. Hyde called especial attention to the importance of the appeal which is being made by the Sandwich Islands for union with the United States.

The greatest interest of the Convention centered in the report of the Committee of Fifteen, which was presented on Thursday morning, and which may be summarized as follows:

First: The Rev. N. G. Clark, D.D., Foreign Secretary, having announced his intention of retiring from office at the end of the present year, a special committee be appointed for the purpose of securing a suitable successor.

Second: The Prudential Committee should be enlarged to fifteen members, including the President and Vice-President. These should be elected in three classes, and no one who has served three successive terms should be eligible to re-election until after one year has elapsed from his last term of service.

Third: It was recommended that the Rev. William H. Noyes be appointed a missionary of the Board, but that this resolution should not be taken as modifying any instructions which had previously been given to the Committee concerning the doctrine of future probation.

Two of these recommendations were adopted without debate, but when the third was approached excitement was at fever heat. The discussion was practically opened by Dr. Meredith, of Brooklyn, who, in his impulsive way, and yet with the greatest good nature, announced that he had no special affection for the Board itself, which was mere machinery, but that he would yield to no man in his loyalty to the great cause of foreign missions. He then offered an amendment relieving the Committee of all instructions concerning doctrinal questions, and followed that with a speech defending Mr. Noyes, and very severely criticising the manner in which he had been treated by the Board. In the course of his remarks Dr. Meredith declared that neither he nor any one else believed that the millions who are in heathenism would suffer ever-

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lasting punishment without first having had offered to them the motives of the Gospel as they are presented in Jesus Christ. This led to an amusing episode with Mr. Joseph Cook, who interrupted, saying, "Speak for yourself, John." By the way, when he was able to get the floor, Mr. Cook made one of his peculiar speeches, full of eccentricity, with some strong thoughts, but on the whole injuring his cause more than helping it. He tried to get the privilege of reading some private notes of a statement of Mr. Noyes, which had been taken from the Mission House in Boston. His right to do so, however, was ruled out, and then, under the cover of an imaginary case, he introduced the same matter. The frequency with which Mr. Cook emphasizes and repeats his statement that it is safe for no man to die in his sins is positively ridiculous. On every possible occasion he rings the changes on that sentiment, as if those opposed to him were advocating such a doctrine. As a matter of fact, he simply beats a man of straw which he has himself created.

Very different was the address of the Rev. Dr. Behrends, of Brooklyn. It was one of the strongest, clearest, and most impressive addresses which we have ever heard on the platform of the American Board. He analyzed the statement of Mr. Noyes before the Berkeley Street Council, insisted that Mr. Noyes had a right to determine by what utterance he would be judged, declared that the statement made at that time was entirely orthodox, that it was simple justice to commission Mr. Noyes, and that if five hundred other such men were to present themselves they ought to be appointed. Professor C. M. Mead, of Hartford Seminary, also made a strong speech in behalf of Mr. Noyes. On the conservative side a paper protesting against the appointment was read by the Rev. W. E. Park and signed by Drs. E. P. Goodwin, G. F. Magoun, J. E. Rankin, by Joseph Cook, and about fifteen others.

The chief speakers against the appointment of Mr. Noyes were Dr. Cyrus Hamlin and the Rev. J. R. Thurston. It should be remembered that the Committee of Fifteen was composed of both liberals and conservatives, and that in its report men like Professor Fisher and Charles R. Palmer on the one side and President Bartlett and Dr. Virgin on the other side had heartily concurred. Few were prepared for the overwhelming majority by which the Committee was instructed to appoint Mr. Noyes. The figures were 106 in his favor to 24 against. We have never known an exciting debate to be conducted with such courtesy and Christian brotherliness. Not one word was spoken on either side that caused the faintest suggestion of unkind feeling. Representatives of both wings of the churches were entirely loyal to their convictions and entirely just to those who differed from them.

The next stage in this important discussion appeared when the subject of the election of officers was reached, and then there was a genuine surprise for the whole meeting. The Rev. A. C. Thompson, D.D., Chairman of the Prudential Committee, who for forty-four years had been officially connected with the Board, presented his declination of further service. This was followed by a similar paper from Dr. Alden and Mr. Elbridge Torrey. Up to a little while before the report of the Committee, it had been supposed that Dr. Storrs and Mr. Blatchford would also retire; but, under the urgency of men of all classes and opinions, they withdrew their refusal to serve, and the following officers were then elected: President, R. S. Storrs, D.D.; Vice-President, E. W. Blatchford, Esq.; Prudential Committee, Dr. E. B. Webb, Mr. J. S. Ropes, C. C. Burr, A. L. Williston, Dr. A. H. Plumb, W. P. Ellison, Dr. Elijah Horr, G. H. Whitcomb, Dr. J. E. Tuttle, the Rev. W. W. Jordan, Dr. J. G. Vose, J. M. W. Hall, Henry D. Hyde. The Secretaries were elected as follows: N. G. Clark, D.D., Judson Smith, D.D., and in the place of Dr. Alden, the Rev. C. H. Daniels, D.D. A committee of five was appointed to select an assistant secretary for Dr. N. G. Clark, who announced his intention of retiring at the end of the year. Thus closed one of the most exciting days in the history of the American Board. Everything was conducted in perfect good temper, and, so far as we are able to judge, the result has been received with the heartiest good feeling on all hands. It is especially noticeable that the excitement of the discussion has in no way interfered with the high spiritual enthusiasm which ought to characterize an occasion like this. The report of the Treasurer's department showed a debt of about $88,000; but this was not due to any falling off of interest in the churches, but rather to the enlarged activity of the Board.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Albert J. Lyman, D.D., of Brooklyn, who chose for his subject "Adaptation to Environment in the Work of the Church, especially in the Conduct of the Foreign Missionary Service." The sermon was based on a paragraph in 1 Cor. ix., in which the Apostle Paul repeats five times the words "that I might gain," and in a sixth case says that he was "all things to all men, if by any means he might *save* some." The slight space at our disposal is altogether insufficient for us to give even an outline of what was regarded by many as one of the loftiest utterances that has been heard at the opening session of the Board for many a year. It was intensely and predominantly spiritual and yet full of vigorous thought, exquisitely illustrated, beautifully phrased, and delivered with rare grace and persuasiveness of manner. One passage especially won universal approval, in which Dr. Lyman said that all theories in theology should be measured by their influence in gaining men to the Lord Jesus Christ, and by that alone. After such an opening, it was impossible for the thought of the meeting ever to go very far from those great spiritual verities which ought always to be the inspiration of such an assembly.

The special papers by the Secretaries were on the following topics, and were of the usual high order of excellence: Dr. Clark spoke on "Two Unsolved Missionary Problems," Dr. Alden on "The Personal Factor in the Missionary Problem," and Dr. Judson Smith on "The Work of the American Board in Africa."

A special word of commendation must be spoken for the letters of Dr. Alden and Mr. Elbridge Torrey in which they resigned from their offices. Both were in perfect temper, courteous and Christian in every way. Dr. Thompson's was not quite so gentle, but, on the whole, all those gentlemen have won high praise, even from their opponents, by the gracious way in which they have conducted themselves under very trying circumstances. Dr. Alden's position has been peculiarly difficult, but not one ungentle word has escaped from his lips, and he retires from his high office with the personal esteem of those who have been compelled to dissent from the wisdom of his administration.

The successor of Dr. Alden is the Rev. Charles H. Daniels, D.D., District Secretary of the Board in New York, a man of tried ability, lofty character, and gracious personality. Under his administration the best traditions of the office are sure to be maintained.

The speakers on Thursday evening were Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, and Dr Storrs. The chief interest centered in the statement of the President, in which he said that for purely personal reasons both he and Mr. Blatchford, the Vice-President, had decided to decline re-election, but since the action of the morning they had feared that their resignations might be misinterpreted, and therefore, as showing their approval of that action and their confidence in the new order which had been inaugurated, they had decided to continue in their offices. Dr. Storrs declared that the doctrinal attitude of the Board was unchanged, and that it had simply come at last to his letter of acceptance which he wrote when he was first elected to the presidency.

One fact should be clearly recognized: there has been no partisan victory won. For every change which has been made such stalwart conservatives as President Bartlett, Drs. Plumb, Webb, Virgin, Stimson, and others like them have heartily voted, and, on the other hand, men like Professor George P. Fisher, R. R. Meredith, Judge Shipman, and others like them voted for the same changes. The simple fact is that those things have been done which the majority of the best men of all parties thought should be done, and, as a result, for the first time in a decade the Board is united and enthusiastic. One of the most eminent theological Professors said to the writer, "Now we can

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take off our coats and work for missions;" and one of the most consecrated pastors in the whole land, whose Christ-like devotion is the wonder of all who know him, said, "Now some of us pastors can consider once more if it is not our duty to go to the foreign field." A new era in foreign missions seems to have dawned on the Congregational churches.

The closing session of the Board was, as it always is, of great impressiveness. Addresses were made by missionaries, and the farewell addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. McCulloch, of Worcester, and President Storrs. Thus closed one of the most memorable meetings in the history of this venerable missionary society. The next meeting will be held at Madison, Wis.

Audiences

By Edward E. Hale

There are audiences and audiences. To begin with, as to size. We have a stupid way of talking as if a large audience was important, and a small one might be despised. In fact, the words are purely relative.

In old days I heard Dr. Wayland say that you might go of a stormy afternoon to preach in that immense First Baptist Meeting-House in Providence, and you should be dismayed. The congregation would be so small, as people say. Then some one in authority would stand up and say, "It will be more agreeable if we hold our service in the smaller lecture-room." And the hundred people should go into that lecture-room, which would just hold them. And so what was what people call "a small audience" becomes a crowded meeting. And, oddly enough, if one did not remember that man—in spite of Mr. Merwin—is a gregarious animal; oddly enough, every one shall be in good spirits and on the alert, the speaker included—while, in the great empty church, all the scattered brethren and sisters had been downcast, because lonely. All people like to touch elbows quite as much as infantrymen do.

I knew Jean Baptiste Torricelli well, during the last thirty years of his valuable and eventful life. He had been a high officer in the Dominican clergy; he was one of the most distinguished preachers of the Catholic Church in Italy during those critical years of Novara, and afterwards when Victor Emmanuel and Count Cavour were making the Italy of to-day. I think he told me that he and Garibaldi slept under the same blanket the night after the wretched defeat of Novara.

This admirable man left the Roman Church, from the purest and most conscientious motives. He came to America, and eventually to Boston, where, for many years, the man who "had stood unawed before princes" in Italy, fulfilled the simple duties of a "minister-at-large" among the Italian organ-grinders of our North End.

He said to me one day: "You fellows are always talking of large audiences and small. When you have preached in cathedrals in which fifty thousand people could stand easily, you will not care so much whether you have one hundred people or five hundred people before you."

This was perfectly true. It was a lesson which did me a great deal of good. But it will be long before it reaches the ear of the average auditor. The reporters judge of a meeting by the density of the crowd assembled. The managers of the meeting are apt to do the same. And the people who hear, if they have by good fortune secured even a wretched seat where they see hundreds standing around them, listen intently and with satisfaction to what is said, as four out of five of them would not listen if they found themselves scattered loosely in a hall nearly empty.

In old times, when people went to church under a certain compulsion, there was much fun in literature and in conversation about the drowsiness of Sunday congregations. And there was reason for the sneer that people went to church to sleep.

But now, practically, very few people go to church who do not want to. If they go, they generally go to listen, as most people do who go to a concert or to the theater. So that no audience now is less sleepy or less apt to doze than the congregation in church.

The preacher has an advantage over most other speakers—that, in his own church, he knows most of the audience, and they know him. He can presume on their knowledge of certain things and up to a certain line. A good preacher takes advantage of this permanency of his congregation. My friend Dr. Duryea—now, I am sorry to say, in Omaha—when he was minister of the Central Church in Boston, would lead his congregration right along in a line of religious philosophy which, to an accidental visitor, would seem—what it was not—quite beyond the range of the hearers. It was beyond the range of an accidental assembly, but not beyond the range to which he had steadily led them.

On the other hand, the helter-skelter assembly which comes together in a large city to a lecture, where there is a warm hall, where the seats are easy, and where there is nothing to pay, is generally very ignorant, very stupid, and difficult to lead. A client of my mother's—a simple woman who had passed threescore and ten—with such advantages for education as Boston gave in 1799 to the girl of that period, came to her once for a ticket to the Lowell Lectures. These are the lectures delivered on a munificent endowment we have in Boston. My mother gave her the ticket, but said she doubted whether she would care to hear the lectures, which were on "The Correlation of Physical Forces." "My dear Mrs. Hale," said this thousandth part of an audience, "I do not care much what they are about. The room is warm, and I save my oil for an hour and a half that evening."

Most of us who have to address audiences have met audiences of such people. For one, I was relieved when the Tremont Temple burned down the other day. I was sorry for the stockholders. I was glad that there was no audience inside. I believe the Sunday congregation there was a keen, wide-awake, well-informed set. They should be—for they had been trained for years by men of the spirit and intelligence of Dr. Lorimer and Dr. Haynes. But when it came to a week-day assembly there—of so-called philanthropists—then one had tears for the poor speakers! They sat in a raving draught of air, which killed about one of them every twelvemonth. And the rows of people in the seats—who assembled simply to avoid the dullness of hotel reading-rooms—were always, as it seemed, as impassive a set as if they had been made up by Mrs. Jarley, and had been brought up from the cellar, a settee-full at a time. Dr. McGlynn, Total Abstinence, Rights of Indians, Tenement-Houses, School Reform—the subject was nothing. The benches sat solid and stolid. They did not even imply that they wanted to be amused, far less that they wanted to be instructed. Why the philanthropists wanted to see them there I never knew. This I am sure, that no man who had ever tried that unpaying and unsympathizing audience fifty times—always with the same dead, wax-work glare from the beginning to the end—ever wanted to see them for the fifty-first time. And one heard with a certain grim satisfaction that the very seats they sat in were burned to ashes.

My excellent friend Mr. Bradley Gilman once improved on his experience of such audiences, by inventing an excellent story of a minister whose son devised a method of greatly extending his father's reputation. He used to march into church a hundred or two lay figures, which filled what are called the "free seats," in the unpopular parts of the house. So long as it was supposed in the town that these seats were crowded, the rest of the congregation was sure that the preaching was of the first class. But when, one day, an elder who did not understand knocked over a whole row with a contribution-box, the reputation thus acquired suddenly declined.

All these anecdotes have a certain value, if they will fix in the mind the central truth that "three make a congregation." Beyond this number—one to speak, and one to listen, and One unseen, it may be—it is folly to inquire whether more or less be present. And the sooner speaker

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and hearer can dismiss from mind any estimate of the number, beyond these three, the better for both parties.

A prompt and sympathetic audience will often carry a speaker further and higher than he could ever go if he were hidden behind a pen. In this favor of the audience there is danger, ruin indeed if it carry him higher than he can fly and further than he meant to go. But if, when he begin, he know absolutely what he wants to say, means to say, and will say; if, by prayer and vow, he have so strengthened himself that he can be sure to hold to this eternal truth which he has determined to utter, then he is greatly indebted to the audience for the sympathy and attention which give him words which he could not command when he was alone; the audience even helps him to simile, metaphor, or other forms of illustration which would have been else impossible. The wisdom of all is greater than the wisdom of one; this is now generally confessed. So is the enthusiasm of all quicker and warmer than the enthusiasm of one; and naturally the courage of all carries forward and, as we say, encourages an anxious leader. While this is so, oratory will not lose its hold and empire. After orators are dead, the people who have not heard them are fond of ridiculing them and underrating their hold on their time. But while they are alive, if they are of the true stuff, the people who hear them are apt to do as they bid. Here are the reasons why, in every generation, we are told that oratory is a lost art: and why this is always untrue.

You have only to compare the real speech of an orator with the cold skeleton of it—which, under the goad of the press, he has prepared in advance and sent to the reporters—to see how much the presence of the audience has to do with the real life of what he says to them. And when you say you will read the speech in the "Thunderer" in the morning, and spend the evening playing whist, with your slippers on, instead of going to hear the speaker, it is much as if you said you would drop a nickel in the slot to hear the phonograph reproduce Rubinstein instead of going yourself to hear Rubinstein play.

The process, four times out of five, is this: A particular reporter is directed to obtain Cicero's speech, or Hortensius's, or Mr. Grattan's, for the "Thunderer." In nineteen cases out of twenty he cannot write shorthand; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he prefers to have another person do his work instead of doing it himself.

So he calls on Cicero or Hortensius the day before the speech, and asks him if he has any notes of it. If he has, the poor man is so afraid of what is called a "sketch" that he gives them to the reporter. If he has not, he summons an amanuensis, walks up and down his study, and dictates, in cold blood and without an audience, the substance matter of what he means to say. He sends this to the reporter. The reporter gives it out as copy to the "Thunderer's" managing editor, and goes to his own club to play chess or poker.

Hortensius or Cicero or Mr. Grattan meanwhile goes to the Cooper Institute, or whatever is the hall. Thousands on thousands of people welcome him. The speaker before him leads them to a certain plane, where they see the subject as they never saw it before. Hortensius himself is delighted by the vivid address and audacity of his young friend. He rises and is met with a storm of enthusiasm. He takes the subject where the other man left it. His introduction is all unnecessary now, and so he goes on with easier foot, or quicker wing, with more time and better opportunity for illustration, argument, and conviction. He expresses himself as he never did before. The people see as they never saw before. They anticipate his epigram. They will not let him close his sentences. And when that great oration is finished, they are ready to march with him, if he bids them, to overwhelm any infidel.

The next morning you read his clever study of the subject in the "Thunderer," and you say, "Really, Hortensius is a very able fellow," and you say, "These newspapers are a great convenience. I am so glad I did not go out last night."

In saying which you show, not for the first time, perhaps, that you do not know in the least what you are talking about.

A Reminiscence of General Armstrong

By J. S. Emerson

The Geometry class at Punahou, which, as your readers will remember, is in the Hawaiian Islands, during the school year of 1858–9 was composed of the following pupils: Mary Alexander, Pattie Cook, Hattie Parker, Carrie Parker, George Wilcox, Edward Wilcox, and Joseph Emerson. Our teacher, Mr. Edward Beckwith, took great pains with the class, requiring at each recitation, not only a good understanding of the mathematical principles involved, and a logical accuracy of demonstration, but also an exact memorizing of the words of the text in the statement of every definition, axiom, and proposition. Our text-book was Robinson's Geometry in its earlier form of seven books, a work which was well adapted to the method of teaching and to the wants of such a class. Mr. Beckwith took a proper pride in his class, and never was a teacher more beloved and respected by his pupils. Before we had more than half finished the subject he was obliged to give up the charge of the class into the hands of a student who was but little more advanced in his mathematical studies than we were. We were all very sorry to lose Mr. Beckwith, but hoped for the best from our new teacher.

It required no little tact for an undergraduate to take charge of a class under such circumstances. But Armstrong seemed equal to any emergency. On the playground he was the leading spirit in all athletic exercises, and was the undisputed champion in the game of wicket, in which his side seemed always victorious. On taking the class in Geometry, from the very first he began to inspire us with some of his own enthusiasm. Coming in from a hotly contested game of wicket, he looked every inch a man. He would deliberately close his own book and lay it one side, seldom referring to it during the hour of recitation. It was thus easy for him to persuade us to follow his example in this particular. Our memories were trained to do admirable service, so that at the end of the year the majority, if not all, of the class could repeat the entire seven books, except the demonstrations and mathematical calculations, from beginning to end, or give any axiom, definition, or proposition by its appropriate book and number. In the demonstrations on the blackboard a very different course was pursued. The figures were often purposely changed from the form given in the book. Numerals were usually substituted for the letters, and every effort was made to make the demonstration as much as possible a training of the reason, with as little of mere memorizing as could be. We were stimulated to study up other demonstrations, and sometimes he would set the example by giving us the result of his own study of other text-books. In this way we were trained to self-reliant habits of study, which I have found of the greatest service in all my subsequent mathematical work. It was remarkable how much hard work he got out of his class. But in this, as in everything else, he always led others by his own example. I have been under the instruction of various teachers in the higher mathematics, some of whom were finer scholars than Armstrong, but I have yet to know the man who could inspire an entire class with his own spirit and purpose as he did. There was something in his personality far more influential than mere learning or scholarship, and I can never cease to look back to the work done under him as among the most valuable to me of my whole life.

With the end of the school year came the public oral examination. The books were, as usual, laid aside, and, with a method and precision almost military, the class was put through its drill. Every one was delighted with the bearing of the teacher and the readiness of the class. At length, by way of variety, Edward Wilcox was told to demonstrate a certain theorem in Book First. After drawing the figure, he was requested to change the order of the numerals to be used in the demonstration. Then, after a few moments given him to fix the figure thus renumbered in his memory, he was ordered to turn his back on the

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board and proceed with the demonstration from the figure thus pictured in his mind. This was done in such a ready and prompt manner as to excite the surprise of one of the examining committee, who, not appreciating the true object of this unusual display of intellectual gymnastics, interrupted him with the repeated request: "Look at your figure, young man!" Armstrong then explained to the rather puzzled examiner the nature of the test to which he was putting his pupil, who was now permitted to finish his task, to the great interest of all present. The superior work done by the teacher and his class was highly appreciated by the committee, and will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to belong to the class.

During the General's late visit to the Islands, the writer, in a familiar chat, alluded to some of the incidents connected with the Geometry class, and particularly to the drill in memorizing, such as that in which Edward Wilcox figured. He seemed very much amused with the account, and modestly said, "Why, Emerson, I was never anything of a mathematician. It seems absurd that I should have taught such a class, and put them through such performances!"

A Prayer

By Marion G. Duncan

Give me, O Christ, thy love in all its power,
And let my thoughts be good and pure and true.
Give me the grace to do thy will, not mine;
And when I falter, as I often do,
Be thou my guide.

Help me to bear my crosses patiently,
And rid me of all discontent and doubt.
When I am weary waiting, sick and faint,
With tender pity compass me about,
And show the way.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

REINOUT'S COUSINS

Next afternoon Reinout went down to the little station with a couple of carriages, and all the Rexelaers van Altena were let loose out of the crowded Christmas train and came driving back with the young heir through the startled village. The village was very much interested. The former lords had lived in the silence of an approaching dissolution; the curtain had now risen for another and a brighter play. The village criticised the smart town carriages and the smart town ladies, and the liveries and the horseflesh, especially the horseflesh. It still said "Well!" but the tone was sinking from doubt to content. Jaap Hakkert, the butcher, agreed with the two bakers that a full table and a full purse at the table had their advantages. The tailor smiled. And the oldest inhabitant said that things reminded him of the Baron's father's father's time.

Thys looked into his Lise's eyes. "Do you remember," he asked, "how hard pressed the Baron was when he refused to sell the Chalkhouse Farm?"

"Of course, Thys; we all remember," said Lise. Thys was Lise's cousin, as well as her lover. He had lived all his life at the Chalkhouse Farm.

Count Rexelaer's younger brother Frederik, as everybody knows, had married a daughter of the great Gelderland family of Borck, a cousin of that powerful Baron Borck of Rollingen whose estate joined on to Deynum. The lady had brought her husband a little money and a number of influential connections. He was a quiet, insignificant, sat-upon little man, a member of the magistrature and an utter failure as a lawyer. But he played whist very well. And she was comfortable and florid, and managed everybody and everything. You got on excellently with her if you said "Yes" in the pauses of her talk. They made Frederik van Rexelaer a judge before he was forty. Her cousin R—— was Minister at the time.

"My dear Betsy," his Excellency had said, suddenly surrendering after a long tussle, "as you have got his name proposed—Heaven only knows how you managed it!—I will appoint him in spite of—"

"Thank you, Herman, that is like you—"

"Superior claims. But on one condition only. He must solemnly bind himself to me *never* on any account to express a separate opinion. He must always 'concur' with his colleagues.[1] You understand me. I can have no awkward questions cropping up."

"I understand perfectly," replied Mevrouw Rexelaer-Borck. "I promise."

"But I would rather have his own word bind him—"

"Really!" said Mevrouw, with a peculiar smile. "Well, of course you know best. I am much obliged to you, Herman. You are the best friend we have."

But she had more best friends. The judge faithfully kept his promise, and he found it very easy to keep. And they knew the right people, whom to know renders utter misery impossible. Besides, they were anything but miserable, although they experienced some difficulty about always making both ends meet exactly in the manner they wanted. She liked children. She liked managing. And he liked whist.

And the five children, as they grew up, liked themselves, which is always a great advantage. And they liked their mother's numerous relations—a rarer coincidence—and their large circle of acquaintances. Of course they all believed, heart and soul, in the Greatness of the Rexelaers, and tried to forget that the brand-new title of this branch was not—officially, at least—a revival of the Holy Roman one. Grandmamma Rexelaer (the haberdasher's daughter) had never existed at all. Grandmamma Borck was alive, and a very great lady indeed.

The chief event of these good people's life had been the arrival from foreign parts of the head of the family with his wife and his olive-colored cherub and all their delicious, if rather disquieting, paraphernalia of foreignness. And the Rexelaer liveries once more shone in the streets of a city of flunkies, and the lion's-paws stretched forth their swords from the panels of the Creole Countess's brand-new carriages—*ipsa glorior infamia*—and her family arose and called her blessed. The children were rather disappointed about her color. Rolline, the younger girl, had long identified her aunt with her nigger-doll Jumbo; Jane, the elder, avowed a preference for café au lait. Margherita was not a bit like Jumbo. She was very handsome, and the whole family talked, in public, of her beauty alone.

"My dear," said the venerable Baroness Borck to her daughter, "I asked Madame de Jercelyn about the Cachenard family. She said she had never heard the name. And there I think we had better stop."

There were five young Rexelaers van Altena—where is Altena?—two sons, Guy and George, the younger just out of his teens, and after these three daughters, Jane, Rolline, and Antoinette. They were all golden-haired and good-looking and stupid, except Jane, who was sharp of features and of soul. Guy was at Leyden preparing to follow his father's career, with all his father's chances of success; George, the beauty, foolish, good-natured, Apollo-faced George, was nowhere, everlastingly plucked in the A B C. "George will have to marry," said Grandmamma Borck. The girls, too, would have to marry, though what could any one make of plain-featured, plain-spoken Jane? They were always well dressed, and they were "altogether English," which means that they spoke Dutch with an English accent and English with a Dutch one. That was the proper thing among their "set" at the Hague, and you must on no account make use of any language but English in public places and conveyances, and very nice it would be if the

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[1] Verdicts, in Holland, are pronounced by juries of judges.

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Nemesis of Pronunciation did not infallibly rise and mock you. And the Freules van Rexelaer never wrote other than English notes to their intimates, and, if they wanted to be particularly affectionate and undyingly faithful, they signed them—"Yours truly!" Yes, they were very English indeed.

Reinout's especial friend, twelve-year-old Antoinette, therefore felt much aggrieved at the French name she bore. She had been called after the wife of the Minister who had given her father the judgeship, and she went about as a living monument of gratitude. To comfort her the others had dubbed her Topsy, and the nickname suited her; she was a shock-headed tomboy in those days. She had been wild to get to all the glories which Reinout had graphically foretold. Almost before the train had stopped, she plumped, past her cousin's extended hand, down on the platform, flinging her arms round the retriever's neck. "Prince first," she said, looking up, with all a child's precocious coquetry, at her "preux chevalier."

Mevrouw Elizabeth ascended the castle steps with stately smile. She never worried her children, leaving all these things to governesses and to time. Her heart, at this moment, was full of the bitter sweet of the first visit to Deynum. The whole family rejoiced and envied. "The home of our fathers!" Up till now the only real sorrow in the life of this daughter of the Borcks had been the harrowing conviction that the entire city of the Hague was constantly conscious of the distinction between real Rexelaers and false. Most people in the Hague, had she but known it, were thinking, as she did, of themselves.

There had been some trouble about getting away, at this time of the year, from Grandmamma Borck. That wonderful old lady had originally taken but very little interest in her daughter's common husband's still more common sister-in-law. She took no great interest in anything nowadays, excepting the dual contentment—culinary and conversational—of that active member, her tongue. She lived to eat (little, but well), and to talk (well, but much). And she had managed to preserve her figure. And she liked tyrannizing over a rich orphan grandchild, whose money supported them both.

She woke up to a firework of questions, however, when the great news of the inheritance suddenly fell with a hiss on a hundred spluttering tongues. Mevrouw Elizabeth, who faithfully visited her mother at least three times a week, now had to go daily, and tell all she knew. A little more, under the pressure of much questioning and progressive irritability.

"Of course I remember the Marquis la Jolais at Brussels," coughed the Dowager over her lace handkerchief and scent-bottle by the blazing fire. "He was handsome, though a little bit of a dandy. They used to call him the Marquis J'ose. He was very courteous to women, but then everybody was that in those days. Don't ring, Cécile. Put on the coals yourself. And to think that this little no-one-knows-who should be his niece! I remember all about the affair with the groom and the business at Rio. Leave the room, Cécile, and your aunt and I can talk it over again."

"Yes, grandmamma," answered Cécile, demurely, where she knelt, tongs in hand, a pretty figure, before the fire. "Grandmamma and you are quits," Topsy Rexelaer used to say. "Each makes life as hot as she can for the other." Grandmamma was cold-blooded and exceedingly "frileuse;" Cécile was warm-hearted and chilled.

"They are wanting us to go and spend Christmas with them," Mevrouw Elizabeth began, a little hesitatingly. "It would be good fun for the children, in spite of Margherita's affectation of grief. She has gone into mourning, mamma—preposterous mourning, an extra inch for each additional naught of the legacy. She makes a fool of herself. You remember how everybody laughed at Clara van Weylert's crape."

"I do," said the Dowager, grimly, "and I remember the joke about the additional inch; it was Dolly Weylert made it. You ought to bring me some new jokes, instead of spoiling old ones in the telling. I go out so little; I hear nothing. I often wish I was dead."

Mevrouw van Rexelaer knew what this meant. "We won't go to Deynum unless you like," she said. And then she added, with her ready tact: "The children will feel it's their duty to stay and cheer up grandmamma. You always get miserable at this time of the year."

The Dowager angrily shook off her daughter's arm. "Cécile can dress me a tree," she said, "with bonbons and a doll! Wait till you are my age and Jane tells you to feel young. I shall be thankful to know you are all reveling at Deynum without any trouble to me. To a woman, after seventy, life is a humiliation and a disgrace. There, there, I am tired!"

Mevrouw Elizabeth rose with a sensation of relief. Poor mamma! Her gout, you know! And the festive season. "It is a great responsibility for Hilarius," she said, "this large property. And Margherita is hardly the woman—"

"Fiddlesticks! I daresay she will give away soup tickets. Tell Cécile, as you go out, to bring me up my bouillon."

CHAPTER XXXII.

MARGHERITA DISCOVERS THAT YOU CAN MAKE EVEN A COLD COUNTRY TOO HOT TO HOLD YOU

"Yes, it is very beautiful, Hilarius," said Mevrouw Elizabeth at dinner. "But it is an immense responsibility."

The Count jumped at the idea. He, who had always been known in his own family as "The Grumbler," was rather embarrassed in the presence of his relatives by his great good fortune. "It is indeed," he answered, pulling down his face. "I have no end of worry already, in connection with the repairs and accounts, and things."

"I was thinking of the souls," said Mevrouw Elizabeth.

"Oh; ah, yes, of course. Will you have some claret?" He smiled across the table nervously to his brother, who, on his part, was praising everything, as in duty bound, to Margherita.

"Yes," said Margherita. "And for me, of course, there are many touching memories. But we are going back as soon as possible. Immediately after Christmas. I do not like the country. At least not one which is all white blanket. In my home the country was all flowers." She turned to Guy. "How I envy you at Leyden!" she said. "They tell me that the students have a magnificent library there. You can get all the new books. But you can read anything you like here. There is a large library."

"I should like some of your own poems best, aunt," replied Guy, with a bow. He was a fool, but his career at the University had taught him, as he called it, "how to manage women." None but a fool ever thinks he has learnt that.

"Flatterer! Do you fancy I believe you? I reserve them for Laïssa. It is the bane of my sex and my rank combined that I cannot aspire to literary fame."

This was a favorite illusion of Margherita. She had even embodied it in the following lines:

> Vous me donnez, o dieux, bien plus que je réclame.
> Vous m'écrasez, o dieux. Quel bonheur est le mien!
> Je suis poète—assez!—et noble—assez!—et *femme*.
> C'est trop—car ce n'est rien.

The idea left an unlimited margin for dumb-poet-ship.

Young Reinout was telling his neighbor Topsy all about the glories and discoveries of his new abode. He had barely stopped talking to her ever since her arrival, and still there was so much to tell! Already had he shown her his "favorite" nooks and crannies and taken her up to the little oriel window in the west turret, from which, "if you squeeze your neck round *so*" ("Oh don't, Rein! I can squeeze my own neck, please!") "you can see (what milksops girls are!) the little spire there—don't you see?—of the church. And, oh, Topsy, that reminds me; there's a delightful old priest, who is going to tell me the names of all the animals in existence. You and I must go and see him together." And he had taken them all to admire the great stained-glass window in the upper hall. "It is very nicely done," said Jane, who painted a little. The cousins had wondered whose were the roses argent that blended with the other shield. But the owners were dead as the roses, and their glory had certainly nothing in common with these upstarts of to-day.

And now, at dinner, Reinout was full of the coming festivities, an English Christmas with holly all over the

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house (alas! mistletoe is unattainable) and a genuine flaming plum-pudding.—"As long as I needn't touch it," said the Countess Margherita. He was so excited that he was behaving badly—he who never had an opportunity of behaving badly; the opportunity and the use he made of it were things to be thankful for! Monsieur de Souza was away for a holiday in Paris, "to look up old friends," he had said ("des vieilles amies"). "Allez, my dear Chevalier, I understand you; to make young ones." "Monsieur, what do you think of? These things, in a few years, they will be for your son." Well educated, well cared for, of boundlessly magnificent future, happy René!

So thought Mevrouw Elizabeth. "What a charming pair they make!" she said complacently to her brother-in-law.

Before Count Hilarius could answer, Reinout, wheeling round to whisper in Topsy's ear what he had bought for his mother, threw out his arm and upset his wine-glass with a great smashing splash over the dessert-dishes. A sudden flame leaped up in the Countess's dark eyes. "René," she cried, in a voice hot with passion, "leave the table immediately. You are not fit to sit down with your aunt!" He got up unwillingly. "Mamma!" he began. "Silence! Your manners are like a pig's. It makes me sick to see how you behave." He walked out of the door, and first longed to slam it, and then closed it carefully. And as he crept heavily upstairs, he muttered: "She has a right to send me away, but not to insult me. And who is she to talk of *cochonneries*?" For he had heard a whisper—somehow; who shall say how in a house of many servants?—of Mademoiselle de Cochonnard.

Well, he only knew that the name of his mother's noble family had originally been spelt and pronounced as above. Probably there was some interesting story connected with its old-time origin. When he was older, he would find out what the legend was. Some stirring tale like that of the maiden Wendela and the grand old lion—oh, how he loved him!—who had come with his flaming sword to set the maiden free.

He locked himself in with his dog; he felt sore, for his mother had publicly humiliated him. And he got together his few beetles and bugs, and sulked over the boxes and bottles. It was a new mania. And then he leaned out on the stone parapet, over the water, with his nose against Prince's, and wondered who lived in the moon.

Frederik van Rexelaer found time for a few words of quiet chat with his brother, as they stood side by side in the smoking-room over their coffee—the two young men were playing billiards a few paces off.

"What is this that I hear about an unpleasantness at the railway station?" he began. "Nothing really important, I hope?"

"Nothing," replied Hilarius, tapping the parquet with his foot. "I wonder Margherita was so foolish as to mention it. She does not take kindly to our rules of implicit obedience. That is all."

"It was not Margherita that I heard it from, Hilarius. Simmans told me of it, the young clerk of the Police Court. One of his officials drew his attention to the names."

"Good Heavens!" cried the Count, standing horror-struck, cigar in hand. "You don't mean to say they are going to follow it up?"

"They evidently are. She will be summoned for resisting the constituted authorities."

"And locked up! Or set to oakum-picking! The idiots who manage these things in this country are capable of anything. She is right. We should have stopped in Brazil!" The Count stamped up and down the room. The billiard-players looked wonderingly across.

"I would thank you, Hilarius, to speak more advisedly of the organization of which I form a part." The meek little man was nettled. This prospect of a coming scandal was anything but pleasing to him in his official position. "It is not the fine," he added, "but the—the social complications. The whole thing should never have occurred."

"Then keep it from going farther." The Count irritably chewed his sandy mustache.

"How can I? We do not live under Louis XVI. The whole scandal will be in all the papers to-morrow. It comes as a godsend to the Ministry, who at this moment, as you know better than I, are at war with the Court party. They will make much of it. 'Scene at a Railway Station!' 'A great Court Lady resists the Authorities!' Under ordinary circumstances the affair would be too insignificant to mention. At this moment it is almost a Political Event!"

Hilarius beat a tattoo on the border of the billiard-table. He listened but abstractedly to the rest of his brother's small-talk. He was anxious for an opportunity to be alone with his wife, and as soon as this presented itself—in her dressing-room late that evening—all his pent-up vexation burst forth.

"And if the thing really becomes a weapon in the hand of the Radicals," he added, after repeating the information which Frederik had brought him, "I shall never hold up my head at Court again."

"Then stop it," said the Countess, toying with her bracelet. She spoke with seeming indifference, her eyes on her arm, but a flush played over her sullen cheek.

"Frederik says that is not within his power."

"He wants to make himself important by magnifying the difficulty. I shall not ask him myself, but please tell him that I *expect* him to stop it. What else is one a judge for, even so stupid a judge as he?"

"Margherita!"

"Is he a genius, your brother? I had not perceived it."

"No, he is not a genius. Would that some other people were not!" He ground his heel into the hearth-rug. "Heaven only knows to what this preposterous business may lead!"

"If you mean me," she answered, quietly, lazily lifting her handsome head, "I am not a genius. I am a fool. This is your good fortune. And mine. I cannot understand the little ways of your little country. I know nothing of your party intrigues. But I am going to be a great Court Lady, Hilarius. That was agreed when we married."

"You are setting about it in a rational manner!" he cried, and flung himself back against the mantelpiece.

She took no notice. "Who is the person responsible?" she asked.

"A man called Simmans, I understood Frederik to say."

"Ask him here." She shut her bracelet with a snap.

[To be continued]

The Williams Centenary

Editorial Correspondence

In August, 1843, at the semi-centennial of the founding of the College, referring to the ripening loveliness of the College grounds, Dr. Hopkins said: "When standing in the midst of beauty thus created, my mind has often been led on to the conception of a higher beauty than that of flowers and mountains, and I have had a vision of what a college might be." The great teacher might have seen that vision realized had he been in Williamstown last week, for all the elements of a sound and rich college life were strikingly represented. On Tuesday morning, when the procession moved from the campus to the church, nothing was lacking in the full representation of the spirit and functions of an institution of the higher learning. Never did a purer sky overhang a lovelier scene. The great hills were radiant with color; the golden leaves dropped in the ripeness of completed growth; the atmosphere had that richness of tone which comes only when October lingers dreamy and reluctant to depart from the places which summer has nurtured into fullest beauty. The town wore a festive aspect, as if in conspiracy with nature to keep a holiday of youth amid the flying years. Nearly eight hundred men stood under the trees awaiting the forming of the line. There were outbursts of gayety, peals of laughter, eager greetings, quiet talk, stirrings of the depths of memory, in that brief interval when men saw again the friends of their youth and recalled the zest, the freshness, and the dreams of olden days. Presently there issued from the Library the guests of the College:

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the Presidents of Yale, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Brown, Clark, Amherst, Dartmouth, Trinity, Columbia, Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, the Principal of Phillips Academy; with many other men of the highest distinction. To the quickening strains of music the assembled company falls into marching order, the long line of guests, followed by a longer line of the older graduates, present in numbers which reveal the strength of a tie binding the oldest not less strongly than the youngest to Alma Mater; then come the men of more recent years; and, last of all, the seniors in cap and gown, and the men of the lower classes, answering the music at the front with the still more inspiring tones of the college cheer. As the long line moves up the broad street, past the historic West College, no man can be indifferent to the beauty of the place and the hour. The splendor of the day evokes and symbolizes the greatness of achievement and life which the day commemorates, and the history of the College stands out in noble distinctness.

On the southern shores of Lake George this same golden light lies on the shaft of marble which commemorates the death, on the battle-field, of Ephraim Williams, brave soldier and generous-hearted man. Among the earliest of the long and honorable line of benefactors of American colleges, he remains among the greatest. Thirty years and more passed over the Berkshire country, the Colonies became a Nation, and a Free School was opened under the roof of West College, to become shortly after, by act of Legislature, Williams College. Dr. Fitch, the first President, puts twenty-one years of effective work into the organizing of the new institution, and then gives place to Dr. Moore, who agrees with those who hold that Williamstown is too remote and inaccessible for the purposes of a college, and who finally disappears over the hills to light another torch at Amherst, that other beautiful academic home of western Massachusetts. Then is seen under the growing elms the commanding figure and mobile face of Dr. Griffin, of fervent imagination, personal magnetism, and great oratorical power, who revives confidence in the uncertain fortunes of the College, and kindles its religious life to a white heat. In 1836 there is another change, and Williams begins a great chapter in her history with the advent of Dr. Hopkins. To the graduate before whom, as he stands in the procession, these vanished founders and teachers pass in invisible file, it seems as if at some point that venerable and venerated figure must reappear, to be received with uncovered heads and a shout of welcome that rings down the line as on the field a great cry greets the leader. It is not his greatness that one recalls to-day, but the beautiful serenity of his nature, the rare poise of his character, the quiet, pervasive humor. Unseen but unforgotten, he holds his great place and part in the centennial festivities.

Then comes Dr. Chadbourne, impetuous, versatile, tireless in labor; and, last of all, the worthy successor of the best of them, suddenly appears President Carter, attended by the Governor and his staff; for the past has now become the present, and history has merged into to-day. When he rises in the church, later in the day, to confer the honorary degrees, there will be a roar of applause; for, although devoid of the arts of self-advertisement and despising them, Dr. Carter's service to the College is manifest on every side. Fine buildings, larger resources, a college nobly housed and furnished for its work, are only the outward evidences of a self-forgetful devotion to the highest ideals of education and character, revealed in multiplied facilities for study, in higher standards, in increased thoroughness of work. The atmosphere of culture is diffused by this refined and sensitive nature, disdainful of the lower forms of success, always painfully ambitious of the higher.

And now the church is crowded to the doors, and the full, rich tones of the Troy Vocal Society prelude the address of the hour. It is the culmination of the celebration, and how admirably the programme has been planned to illustrate all sides of the historic life of the College! On Sunday morning Dr. Henry Hopkins, of Kansas City, discussed with breadth of view and ringing force of conviction "The Connection of Religion and Education," followed in the afternoon by a very interesting conference on "The Relation of the Modern College to Applied Christianity," conducted by Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, whom all Williams men love, and contributed to by Drs. Bascom, Field, and Stoddard, and by the Rev. Mr. Grosvenor, of Lenox, and the Rev. Mr. Ford, of Syria. To religion, the deepest and most abiding of all human interests, succeeds an educational conference on Monday morning, conducted by President Hall, of Clark University, and enriched by the papers of Dean Judson, of Chicago University; Dean Griffin, of the Johns Hopkins; Chancellor Snow, of the University of Kansas; Professor Gross, of Harvard; Principal James C. Greenough, of the Massachusetts Normal School, and Professor Safford.

But the music has ceased, and from out the throng of college presidents rises the venerable form and youthful spirit of Mr. Martin I. Townsend, of Troy, who has been one of the joys of Williams gatherings so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and whose youth gives promise of his attendance at the second centennial. After a brief introduction, the speaker of the day, Chancellor James H. Canfield, of the University of Kansas, stands in his place and begins an address so unlike the familiar academic oration that it is difficult to describe it otherwise than by recording the memorable fact that for nearly an hour and a half nobody was bored or sleepy or restless. The gentlemen of the Governor's staff, veterans of many a long and monotonous hour of sermon and oration, were observed to listen with smiling faces to the very end. More than once the telling points were received with ringing applause, and the witty sallies with peals of laughter. It was a clear-cut characterization of the college life and spirit; incisive in style, apt in illustration, full of brilliant passages, and delivered with telling effect. Then fell the shower of degrees from the discriminating hand of President Carter. A ripple of applause followed the reading of each name, but the ripple became a great wave when the name of Professor Charles A. Briggs fell on the ears of the audience. The sensitive face of Dr. Briggs, as he stood facing Dr. Carter, flushed as the significance of that spontaneous and enthusiastic recognition broke upon him and made it evident that the official act of the College was but the expression of the feeling of its graduates. True to her history, Williams stands for liberty to think, for unfettered investigation, and for a faith untainted by the skepticism of fear.

The dinner was served in a large temporary building, gay with bunting. The arrangements were admirable, and the music, both vocal and instrumental, of an unusually high order. Nearly a thousand men sat at the tables. Dr. Carter presided with his usual tact and ease on such occasions. Letters of regret from President Cleveland, ex-President Harrison, Senator Hoar, and Mr. David Dudley Field were read, and then followed three hours of very interesting speaking by the guests of the College. Governor Russell disclosed the charm of his mind and manner in a very felicitous address on behalf of the Commonwealth; Presidents Eliot, Dwight, Gilman, Andrews, and Taylor were heard with pleasure. Dr. Tucker received, in addition to the Doctorate of Divinity, a welcome as to one of the household, and spoke with rare force and beauty. Senator Lodge made a very effective talk, and Mr. Carnegie made his best point when he declared that the time is coming when the man who dies rich will die disgraced!

The social side of the celebration took the form of a series of delightful teas in different buildings on Monday afternoon, and of a public reception by the Faculty and Trustees in Lassell Gymnasium in the evening, and the entire programme was closed by a little afterpiece on Tuesday evening, of which it is only permitted to say that it deftly set some modern domestic infelicities against an ancient background, put the familiar speech of the end of the century with great effect into Attic mouths, and gave both action and words a stage setting of rare beauty and a musical accompaniment of delicate effectiveness. So ended three days of golden weather, of varied and well-sustained exercises, of a hospitality that foresaw every want, and a courtesy that outran every need; and so ended the Williams Centennial.

H. W. M.

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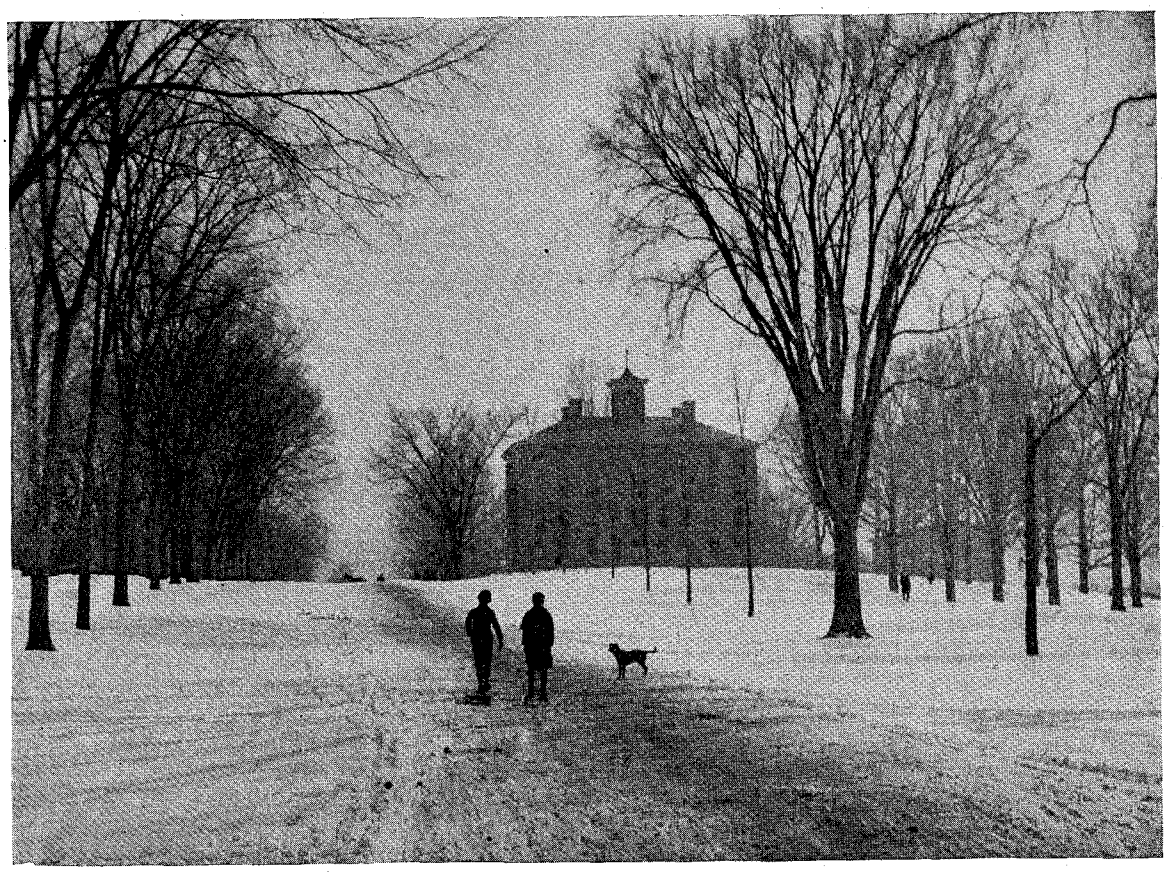


The Old West College

Williams College—A Centennial Sketch

By Clifton Johnson

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author

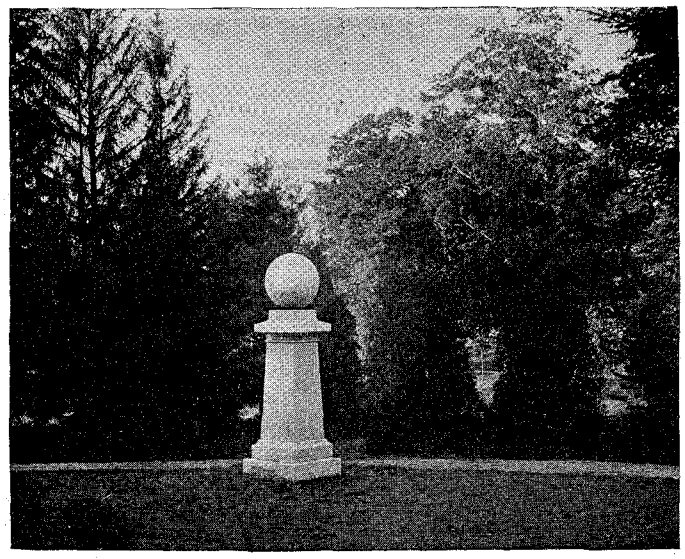
TO one who knows Williamstown by reputation, the impression received when one alights at its shabby little railroad station is decidedly disappointing. A large freight-yard is just beyond the depot to the west, where the engines are constantly panting and puffing and emitting their black smoke-clouds as they drag and push the dingy freight-cars about the network of iron rails. A stone's-throw from the station to the north stands the clumsy pyramid of a grain elevator, and to the south, across the little Hoosac River, is a great mill.

The town lies in that direction. An ancient covered bridge spans the stream. The traveler, when he emerges from its twilight, finds himself in the midst of as typical and forlorn a New England factory village as the country produces. By the stream rise the high, many-windowed brick walls of the mill, with a slender attendant chimney towering over all. From the chimney flutters a cloudy smoke-banner; from the mill comes the din of hundreds of flying shuttles. A bare factory village clusters near—monotonous houses, snug to the walks in front of them, a hotel, a store, a blacksmith's shop, and, lastly, the almost invariable accompaniment of such settlements, a big Catholic church. It is an almost treeless tract, and the winds of winter and the suns of summer have their own free will.

But as one walks on, the aspect becomes more cheerful. Little shade-trees sprout along the way, and at every step increase in size, till, just ahead, you see that they make a green aisle of the walk, and even arch the highway. Then, too, you begin to be impressed with the blue hills hovering all about the horizon. There are, besides, a mellowness and a purity to the air; and that air, ten to one, is in grateful contrast to that of the region you started from, or any you have traveled through.

The walk you are following turns a corner presently, and you are fairly in the town. The village street which you are now on is sixteen rods wide, and from the little stream which wanders about the eastern meadows it extends westward a straight mile. A wide, elm-shadowed street is not an uncommon characteristic of New England villages, but was there ever such an one as Williamstown's? The delight of it lies in its up-and-down rambling over the hills that break its course. There is no end to its variety.

In summer the street from east to west is a cloud of green foliage. Beneath are the broad, cool-shadowed lawns, and, retiring amid the trees, you catch glimpses of the college buildings and of the homes which cluster along the edges of the park-like street. Wherever you get an



Haystack Monument

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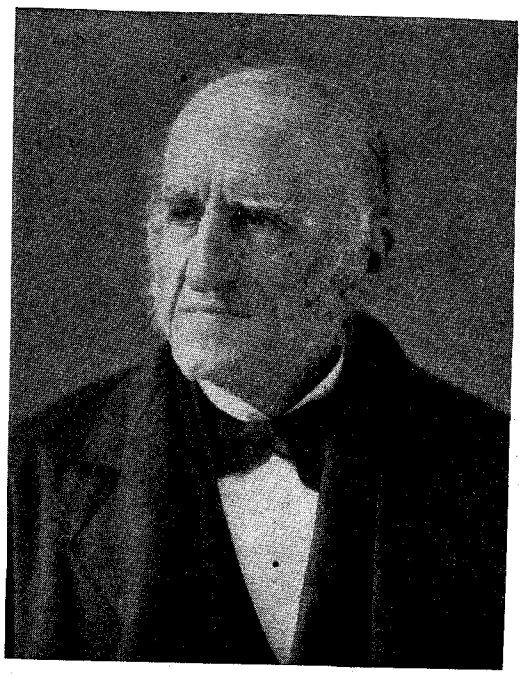
outlook you have a long view over elm-dotted meadows to the great hills whose blue bulwarks cut a graceful horizon against the sky on every side. The most striking of these hills is Prospect Range to the southeast, a very noble double ridge, beyond which lies the far-famed Greylock. You catch just one dim outline of Greylock where Prospect dips southward, and a short walk or ride will take one to places where it is seen to be the king of Massachusetts mountains that it really is.

Aside from its situation, Williamstown is in several ways an ideal place. The dwellings and the home surroundings betoken an almost universal care and neatness, and the broad street is as lawn-like as are the yards about the front doors. Indeed, there is no dividing line between the two, for the fences, which still linger in intermittent patches in most towns, long ago disappeared here. This is not due so much, however, to an unusual development of the æsthetic sense in the townspeople as to the liberality of Cyrus W. Field, who gave $10,000 for use in village improvement on condition that all the fences should be removed.

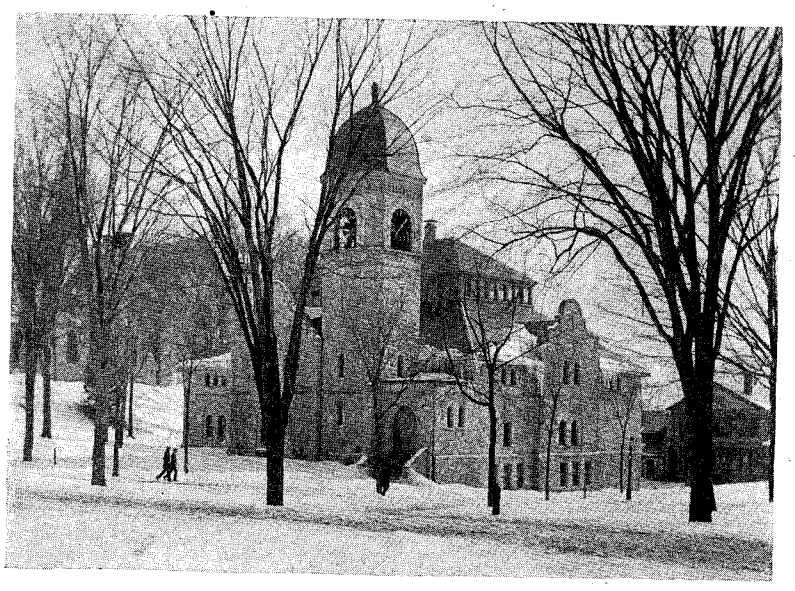


Mark Hopkins

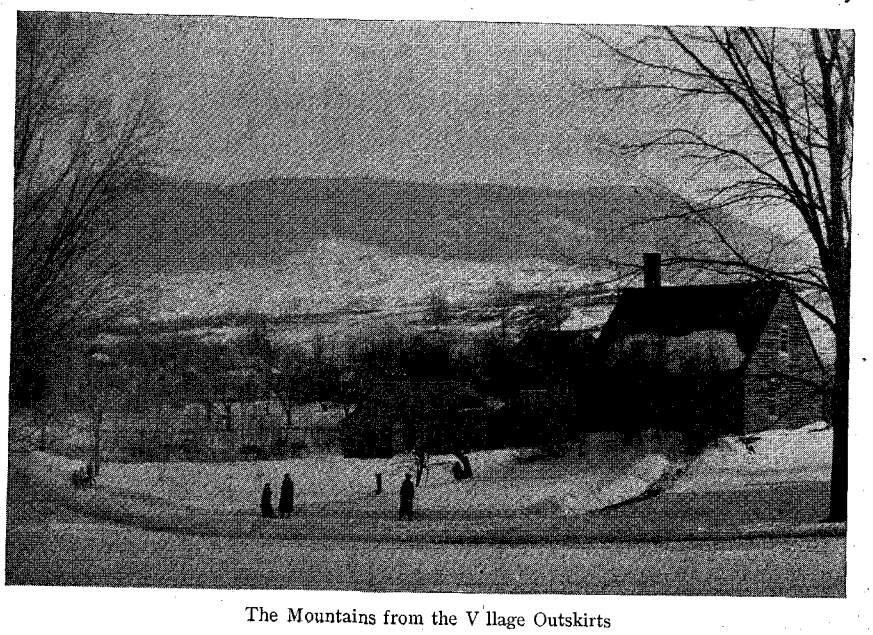
Of the group of college buildings, West College is the oldest. It stands in the midst of the street on the highest village hill, and overlooks the whole length of the wide avenue in either direction, as if in patriarchal solicitude for the welfare of the town. It is plainly old, yet not in any broken-down, decayed way. It has that kind of look of long service well done, and unpretentious ability to do its work for many years to come, that makes one feel respect and even veneration in its presence. Notice the heavy marble slabs which are its door-sills. A deep hollow has been worn in them by the constant footsteps, in and out, of the many who have lived and labored here in the years gone by; there is a crack an inch wide beneath the door. I doubt if any story more suggestively interesting can be graven on a marble slab.

East College and South College are adjacent buildings of the same square, plain, brick-walled type of architecture as West College. They have not the faintest trace of ornament, and their only charm is age; yet I thought this outweighed all the graces of the modern buildings by which they are surrounded. The loss of the newer structures would not be felt as keenly as the loss of these. The power of this sentiment which attaches to the old buildings lies, I suppose, in a softening of their tones and in the more graceful and harmonious embowering of the tree-growths about, which can only come with time, and, above all, in the fact that so many lives are interwoven with their own. These qualities come entirely independent of architecture. It is no argument against the new structures, for the more refined and imposing a building is to begin with, the more it will impress with the grace and sentiment that age adds.

Williams College is blessed above the ordinary in its new buildings. Of these the most notable are Morgan Hall and the Lassell Gymnasium, both constructed of warm-toned granite, and the Hopkins Memorial Hall, of limestone and brick. In all, the college buildings number not less than twenty, the majority of them comparatively new, commodious, and admirably adapted to their purposes.



Lassell Gymnasium



The Mountains from the Village Outskirts

When the College started, a century ago, its whole outward equipment consisted of the single building now known as West College; and its teaching faculty was made up of the President and one tutor. West College combined in itself chapel, library, recitation-rooms, studies, and dormitories. For thirty years recitations were held in some of the students' rooms, one in each class allowing his apartment to be used for the purpose, and receiving some compensation in the way of free instruction or otherwise for keeping his room in a condition for such use. This old-time contrast with the College's present completeness of equipment is very marked.

In addition to the structures of the College itself, there are, neighboring them, various society houses, some modest and cottage-like, others of more pretentious material and manner. It is not so much

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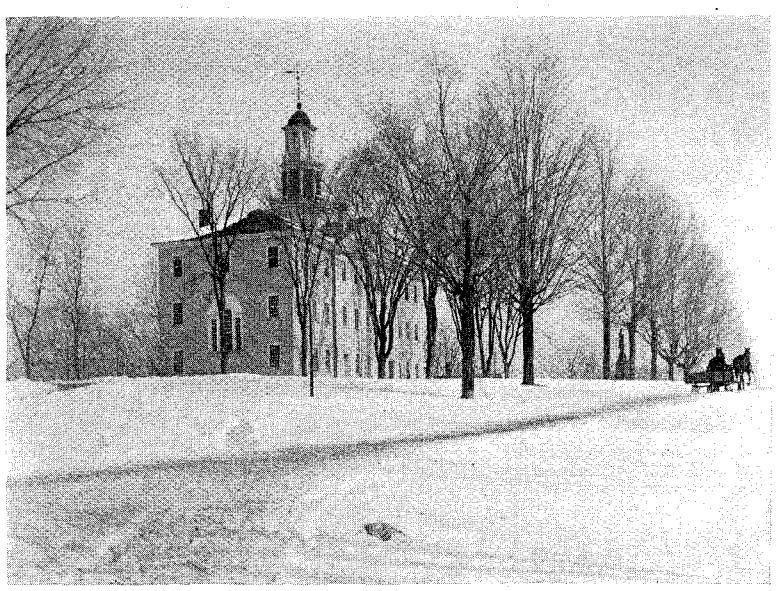
a club life as it is a family life that is led in these houses, by the groups of boys that gather there. At the same time it is much more expensive than in the dormitories, and time is spent in comradeship that would, in circumstances more isolated, have been spent in work.

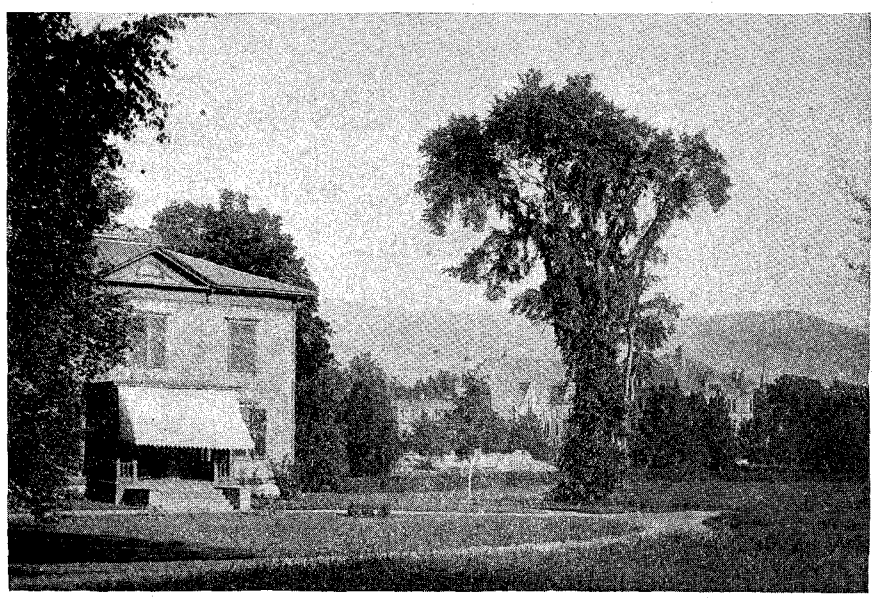
Morgan Hall

The tone of life at Williams is hearty and companionable. Sobriety and uprightness are encouraged by the character of its past, and the example of the present leaders among the students. Rowdyism and fastness are not fashionable. Nevertheless, the students are not so decidedly angelic that they never go astray. There are those who lack earnestness of purpose or force of will, just as at other places. There are those who shirk work, spend money too freely, and pursue ease and doubtful pleasures. There are many favoring conditions at Williams, but the young man who goes there must work out his own salvation; and, indeed, one could search the world over without finding a place where he could gain any good, worth the naming, without exertion. It is to be noted that the scholars, who, as the rule, give the college character, are its poorer half—those with lean pocketbooks, whom necessity compels to earnestness and downright work, and even sharp economy. Their brains may be no better than those of their well-to-do comrades, but they harness them and train them to service. To make ends meet they may wait on table at the boarding-house, and in the winter work up some one's woodpile; but the things which are by many accounted hardships often turn out fairies in disguise. President Garfield, one of the College's most famed alumni, was one of these woodpile workers—a sweeper of halls, a carrier of water, a teacher of a winter school in a neighboring town, a man whom necessity compelled to make use of every opportunity to turn an honest penny, and whose energy never failed to be equal to the occasion.



Griffin Hall

Williams has the charm of a past. The perspective reaches back a full century—a placid vista, yet with enough of accomplishment and great names connected with it to make it hallowed ground to the thoughtful. There is Garfield, who is remembered as a forceful debater, and in character a man of solid ability, who, in a quiet way, was, by his conduct, a strong influence for good. In the early years of the century, Bryant was one of the students. But perhaps no name on the list is more important than that of Mark Hopkins, who presided for nearly forty years over the College. He was a man who excelled in stimulating the members of his classes to work, and enkindled their interest by drawing out their personal thought and feeling on the subjects under consideration. He had a strong personality that won the respect of all who came in contact with him, and his influence lives after him.



A Glimpse of Village and Halls from the Lawn of the Hopkins House

Just north of the village, on a grassy slope shut in by a hedge of pine, is a marble shaft surmounted by a globe of the same material, whereon the continents are roughly sketched. On one face of the pillar is carven a haystack and an inscription which commemorates the spot as the birthplace of the American Board of Foreign Missions. In the near field, overlooking the valley and the great northern hills, it was the habit of certain of the students to meet and pray in the early part of the century. One day a sudden thunder-shower came up, and the little group fled to the protection of a convenient haystack. At

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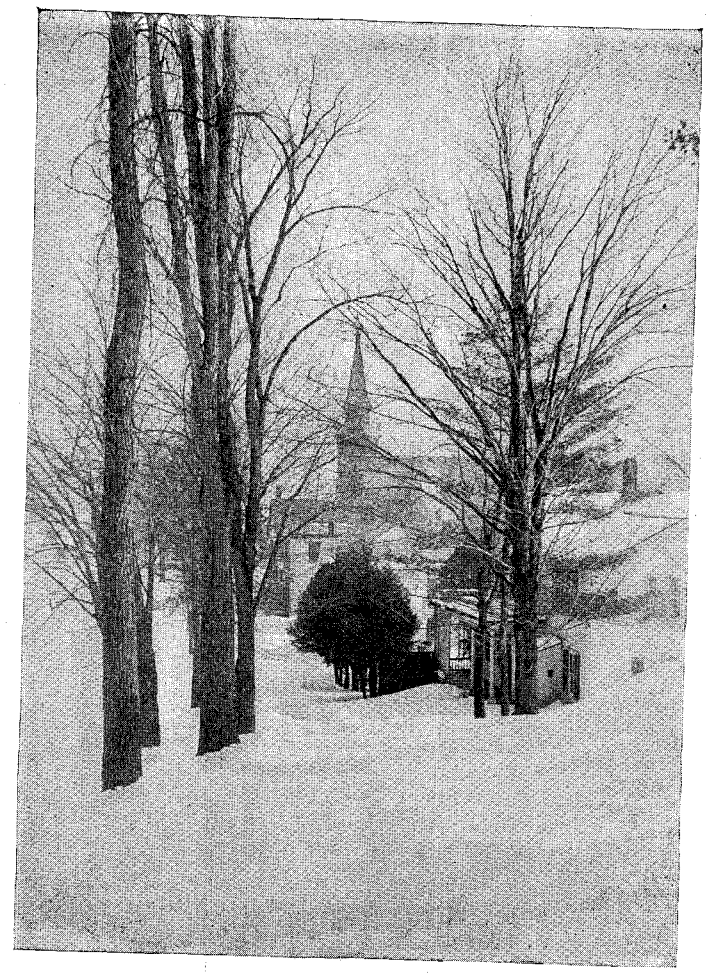
that time and in that place came the thought that grew to a settled purpose of carrying the Gospel to all peoples.

The past, with its record of great names and worthy accomplishment, and the present, with its pleasant social and working environment, arouses in the Williams student or graduate a warm affection for the College. So strong is this affection that it needs added reason for its explanation. This, I think, lies in the character of the College situation—in the quiet, homelike beauty of the town, and its inspiring encircling of noble mountains. These things impress deeply the casual visitor. To spend four years among them would be to have them weave a permanent, if unconscious, spell in the feelings.



Winter on a Williamstown Sidewalk

My first acquaintance with Williamstown was made one pleasant day in winter. The morning at sunrise was biting cold; the frost lay white on all the roofs and fences, and there was a stiff crust on the snow. As the day advanced it grew warmer, the snow softened, the roads became slushy, and a delicate veil of haze overspread all the landscape. It made the old town with its surrounding expanse of undulating meadows and beautiful mountains like a picture in a dream; sky, hills, and fields wore a soft harmony of blue and white, amid which the town reposed with all the quiet of a country village.

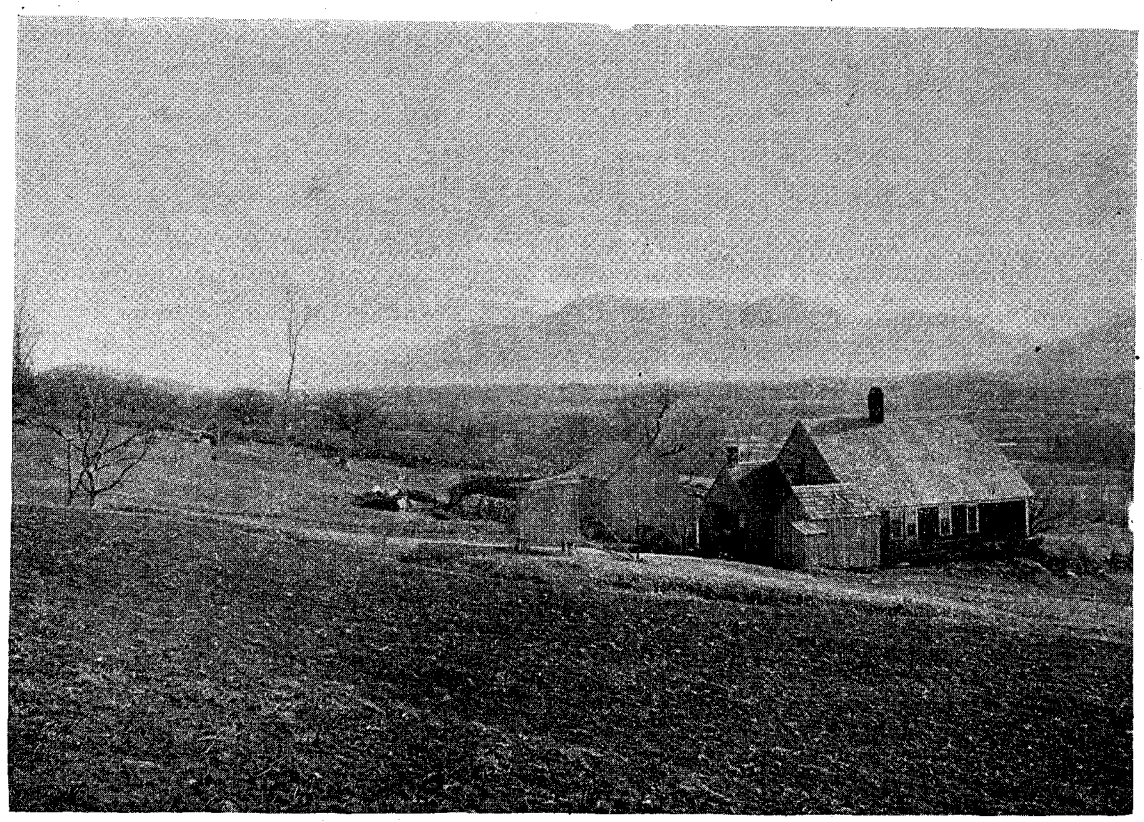
I again spent a night in Williamstown in June of this year. It was late in the day when I walked up from the dingy, noisy civilization about the depot into the clean quiet of the college town. The evening was clear and mellow. Birds were singing in the trees, swallows were darting and twittering about in upper air. The cool shadows of trees and buildings stretched far eastward, variegated with warm glades of sunlight. The air was pure, and there was a true pastoral beauty about the town and all the elm-dotted slopes and meadows surrounding.

When night brought darkness, all beneath the elm canopies became a dense gloom, broken only by infrequent gleams where stood some private street-lamp, and by the twinkling of lights which marked the dwellings along the street. The fraternity houses were most aglow, and thence came the cheerful notes of pianos or other instruments, and scraps of song and laughter. In an open window of one of the dormitories sat some one in the twilight twanging a guitar.

The next day was the last for the seniors, and that night they had "high jinks," but I left too early in the morning to learn what "high jinks" were.

For a closing sentiment I quote this from Dr. Hopkins's inaugural—a voicing of purpose which could well be the primary aim of every college in our land:

"I do desire and shall labor that this may be a safe college; that here may be health and cheerful study and kind feelings and pure morals; and that in the memory of future students college life may be a still more verdant spot."



The Greylock Range from the North

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The Home

Inseparable Links

This month will be the beginning of the school life of many children. On a good beginning depends the whole after career. Of the first importance is the sanitary condition of the school-room. What are the arrangements for light, heat, and ventilation? How is the room furnished? Whichever parent has the keenest apprehension of the importance of the atmospheric condition of the school-room should make these conditions the subject of investigation. These matters are quite as important as the kind of teaching the child will receive. Bad manners and English, if developed in the school-room, may be corrected and controlled at home, or a change of teacher or school be accomplished. But the effects of bad light or ventilation, of improper heating or furnishing, require scientific, and therefore expensive, treatment to overcome, if it can be done at all. It is barbaric, the indifference in too many homes to the school-room and its surroundings and care. There are men and women going through life suffering from physical limitations due to the improper sanitary conditions of the rooms in which their school life began: they are the victims of ignorant or indifferent parents. The round shoulders and crooked backs that detract from the appearance of so many men and women are the results of sitting in chairs, hours at a time, with the feet hanging unsupported. Sight is imperfect because no one noticed that the light did not strike the page or the desk properly, or that the map or blackboard was too far from eyes of limited range of sight. Lungs lack their full power because no one thought of the importance of lung room, and pure air to fill it. We have made great strides in education, but there are miles of road to travel before there shall be that close and intelligent relation between the home and the school that there should be; before there shall be that sympathetic interchange between parents and teachers that is necessary to the fullest comprehension of the child's needs and limitations. It is a disgrace to parents that their appearance in the school should be the cause of embarrassment to either teacher or pupil, and doubly disgraceful if their appearance is a source of anxiety only because it means a complaint. If there is cause for censure only, the fault doubtless is due as much to the home régime as to the school; the failure or the success of the school life depends on the combination, and the closeness of the combination, of the two. Neither is alone responsible for the health, or the progress, mental, moral, or spiritual, of the child. The child is the record of the two forces molding his life, determining his future. This being true, success depends on their intelligent combination, not on the critical separation of the two or in indifference about either.

Fenders, recently patented, for the use of electric cars have been tested in Brooklyn and give great satisfaction. They catch and hold the body of any one hit by the car in a pocket which has rubber guards that protect the body caught from injury.

The Massachusetts State police have been investigating the condition of boilers and engines. Their report, it is said, will show a startling condition of neglect which endangers the lives of factory hands and school-children. Even where the law requires periodical investigations there are, more commonly than there should be, explosions due to defects in construction, or due to the ignorance of those having the boilers in charge.

"Liberty," and a Sequel

A judge in Massachusetts has created considerable excitement recently by forbidding the publication in any of the daily papers of the testimony in a breach of promise case being tried before him. One's first feeling is one of gratitude that there is some control over the press, some way of protecting private life from unnecessary exposure. In a moment one sees the other side of the question, and realizes what a tremendous engine for good an untrammeled press is in a democratic country, where public opinion is, theoretically, the government.

Yet the cruel and unnecessary suffering caused by this absolute liberty of the press is known in more than one home in our land.

There lived in one of the better class of the tenement-houses of an Eastern city a widow, by birth Irish, with her three daughters, born in this country. The family had lived twenty-five years on one block, and in that time had moved but three times, each time to secure more room, because the daughters earned more wages and were developing as leaders in their social set. The little parlor boasted upholstered furniture, and a piano, which was a resource to all the girls of their set whose home did not include social opportunity as part of the family life.

Suddenly the youngest daughter disappeared. There was not the slightest trace of the girl. Frightened, but determined to shield her, it was explained at the shop where all three sisters worked that the girl was ill at home; tired out, she was going to rest awhile.

A week after her disappearance a sensational paper with a large circulation among the working classes came out with flaring head-lines, "Great Mystery! Beautiful Girl Found at the Gate of —— Hospital! Dying!" A sensational story of a couple of columns followed. The next day on its first page there appeared, "Dead! She Loved Not Wisely, but Too Well!" and two columns more of sensational surmise, with a line or two of fact for basis. A girl about to become a mother came to the gate of this hospital and lacked either the courage or the strength to ring the bell. She had carefully destroyed all means of identification, evidently trying to shield her family. The night of the day when the sensational announcement was made, just before the morgue was closed, two girls, closely veiled, asked to see the body. They recognized it, and, without any explanation other than that the dead girl was a dear friend, said they would arrange for the burial of the body; that an undertaker would come the next morning, care for and bury it at their expense.

The evening issue of that "great daily" for the next day came out with head-lines, if possible larger than before, "Found! Relatives of the Mysterious Girl who Died at —— Hospital." Then followed an account of the visit of the two sisters, of the funeral to the smallest detail, of the name, number, and street where these heartbroken people lived.

The representative of the "great daily," who doubtless prided himself on his "beat" over men with more humanity who did not hound the dead girl's memory, followed the lonely hearse from the morgue to the cemetery, where a carriage, with three women, a mother and two sisters, old before their time because disgrace had for the first time smirched an honorable name, met it. Alone, except for the attention of the cemetery attendants, they laid the body of the daughter and sister, not yet nineteen years old, to rest. Fortunately they did not know that from a convenient point a man was noting their every expression of grief; that he had the name copied from the burial permit, and that their shame and sorrow represented just so many dollars to him—nothing more. The carriage was followed back to the entrance, where the mother and sisters took a street-car home, with the press representative on the back platform. He followed them home, learned their names from a boy, and the identification was complete, with time to spare to make copy for the evening papers.

A neighbor in the house, full of sympathy for the family, and of sorrow for the death of a loving girl whom she had

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known from her birth, burst into the room of the bereaved that evening with the paper in her hands, crying, "Why didn't you let me help you?" The blow had fallen. The one thing the dead and the living had tried to avoid, publicity, had come to cover them with shame.

The girls would not go back to the "shop," which was a second home to them; they had never worked anywhere else. They moved to a strange city. It was hard to get work; the funeral had used up all their savings, and the mother had to go back to the wash-tub to help earn a living, so difficult was it for the daughters to earn living wages at the new work, the first that offered. All the old social life which had grown up so naturally under the cheerful mother's care was gone. It was as though they had passed into a new world, with only memories of the years that had preceded the change. Every tie was broken. Why? Because a paper that prided itself on its enterprise paid men to hunt for bleeding human hearts and tell the public how they looked when sorrow had done its worst, had dealt them its heaviest blows. It is this license that should rouse men and women to cry down these tremendous engines of torture. There is a legitimate freedom of the press that is the Nation's safeguard, but it is not the liberty that peers into graves, or hounds feeble, sorrowing women from their homes.

How to Launder and Press Linen Embroideries

By L. G. A.

The question is often asked, Should embroidery be thoroughly wet before pressing, or should it be dampened only sufficiently to leave a smooth surface? This depends upon the materials. All embroidery should be moist when pressed, if the material will not be injured by water; and experience will prove that water is harmless in many cases where the majority of people would hesitate to use it. Where stuff is used which cannot be wet, a damp cloth should be laid over the work, on the wrong side. This applies to embroidery in general, but with linen work the rule admits of no exceptions that everything should be wet before pressed.

The preparation for this begins early in the work of embroidering. First, have no unfastened nor long ends, no knots, and no long stitches crossing the plain surface from one part of the design to another on the wrong side, as these stitches show when the work is pressed, unless the linen is very heavy. Form the habit of avoiding them altogether, then they will never intrude.

Knots ruin the appearance of work after it is pressed, and should be avoided by running several stitches on the outline of the design, then working over them; this will hold the end securely. Use only the best quality of imported wash silks; they are more expensive, but, although of more delicate shades, wash better than cheaper ones.

After following these preliminaries, dip your work, when finished, into cold water, if not soiled in embroidering; if soiled, use only tepid water, as very hot water will cause the colors of even the best silks to run a little. Use a pure castile soap, which should be applied to the wrong side of the embroidery, and where the stamping is strongly marked rub the work gently between the fingers. Much stamping on linen is done with blue powder, which, if not washed out, shows in the silk. After rinsing in cold water, while still wet, lay the work right side down on thick flannel, cover the wrong side with a clean cloth, and iron immediately. This preserves the dressing in the linen.

When the piece is partly dried, remove the cloth, finishing the ironing on the goods itself.

Press from the center of the design out, smoothing every wrinkle. This is not difficult if care has been taken to avoid drawing the material in working. If hoops, fitting tightly over the linen, are used while embroidering, this difficulty is obviated.

When thoroughly dry, turn the piece and run the iron gently over the surface of the linen, not touching the embroidery.

If the work is properly done, the result will be very satisfactory, particularly in flower embroidery, as the design will be raised by pressing on flannel, and the stitches will have blended in such manner as, apparently, to give each leaf and petal its natural texture.

These same rules, with a few additions, apply to laundrying pieces in daily use. These, when soiled with grease or any special stains, should have each spot carefully washed before the whole piece, which, after rinsing, can be dipped into cold-water starch, with a little bluing. Only enough starch should be used to give body to the linen.

Fringed articles should be well shaken, and the fringe slightly ironed, then brushed with a stiff brush.

Hemstitched hems should be smoothly ironed on the wrong side, turned, and pressed lightly on the right side, to give the customary glossy finish.

Embroideries should be washed separately, and this should be done by a competent hand, as much fine work is ruined by careless handling.

Many ladies do this work themselves rather than intrust their embroideries to a laundress.

From the Day's Mail

A correspondent inquired not long since in these columns for suggestions for games that would interest an invalid. Several readers have responded. "S. C." suggests "La Grippe," and "A B C" the game of "1, 2, 3." "A. G. D." suggests a "Game of American Characters." "Mrs. E. M. C." has found "Games of Patience" interesting. "B. S. B." thinks the "Archer Puzzle" and "Nellie Bly's Trip Round the World" would prove interesting.

This summer some children who had seen a library game made up a set for their own amusement. Cards were used on which were painted or drawn symbols that represented the names of books with which they were familiar. The making of this set of cards furnished amusement for many hours that would otherwise have been wearisome. The game could be sent away as a gift, with the key, to some friend. Each card was numbered; the key contained the answer numbered.

Some of our correspondents make suggestions that may be of interest to others than our inquiring subscriber:

Dear Outlook:

Your inquiry as to a fascinating and entertaining game for invalids is answered and the want supplied by the introduction of "Pyramids," played on a checkerboard with 4–3–2–1 vs. 1–2–3–4=20 pieces arranged crosswise as the above figures are.

The aim and object is to transfer black to white places. This is done by jumping as in checkers, but not taking off. The double corners afford the opportunity—with skill employed—to block the game by throwing the pyramid "off its center."

SUBSCRIBER.

Dear Outlook:

Your correspondent "B. W. L." does not mention solitaire games among those which have amused the invalid. Miss Lucretia Hale's book, "Fagots for the Fireside," of which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are about issuing a new edition, has many suggestions which would be of value.

A. M. T.

"A. L. C." suggests the game of "Redoubt."

Will some one kindly favor me through your inquiry column with a receipt for making sticky fly-paper, and also poison fly-paper? I think one was given for the former last year, but, as my papers do double duty, I cannot refer to it. H. S. L.

Working-Girls' Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged	$1,091 93
Mrs. A. A. C., Westfield, N. Y.	5 00
L. K., Plainfield, N. J.	5 00
A., Wooster, O.	10 00
Total	$1,111 93

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"True to His Trust"

By William Murray Graydon

In Two Parts—II.

For a moment Tony stood silent and motionless. Then he called out, in a husky voice: "I can't open the door now. The house is shut up for the night. You must come some other time."

A sullen exclamation was heard, and the door rattled savagely. Concluding that persuasion would be of no avail, Tony's father now threw off the mask and openly avowed his object. "If you boys don't let me in you'll be sorry for it," he growled. "I want that money, and if you hand it over peaceably I won't do you no harm. You needn't try to fool me, either. I know the money's there, an' I know Bender an' his wife ain't at home."

Getting no reply, Bill Marsh changed his tactics. "Help me to get that money, Tony," he pleaded, "an' you an' me will cut this part of the country. I'll show you what life is."

Tony turned away from the door, and glanced at Luke with a startled but resolute face. "Don't be afraid," he said, bitterly. "I'm not the kind of chap you take me for."

"But he may break in and murder us both," gasped Luke, who was trembling all over.

For a moment there was silence outside. Then a queer rasping noise was followed by two startling sounds directly overhead—the smash of broken glass and heavy footsteps. The lads understood instantly what this meant. The ruffian had gained the top of the porch by means of an overhanging tree, and thence entered the room over the kitchen. In a moment he would be downstairs.

Luke was frantic with terror, and, thinking only of escape, he made a dash for the outer door. But Tony caught him and swung him back. "The money!" he cried. "We promised to guard it. Help me with this table, quick!"

Luke was shamed into obedience, and by their joint strength the boys soon pushed the heavy piece of furniture against the staircase door. Then Tony grabbed the lantern and ran into the next room, with Luke at his heels. It was the work of an instant to unlock the desk and seize the money. Then, bag in hand, Tony rushed through the hall to the front door, and drew the bolts. As the frightened boys scrambled out into the dark road they heard their enemy smashing his way noisily into the kitchen. For a few seconds they did not know which way to turn. The nearest house was three-quarters of a mile distant.

"Father was always a fast runner," cried Tony. "We had better hide in the mill. Come on, Luke,"

He extinguished the lamp, dropped it in a clump of grass, and led his companion rapidly down the hill. Turning sharply, they ran along the race until the open front of the sawmill yawned before them. They groped their way over logs and machinery to a ladder that rose at a sharp angle close to one end of the building. They ascended hand over hand, and safely gained the upper floor, which was used as a sort of carpenter-shop. They quickly drew the ladder after them, and had hardly placed it against the wall when heavy footsteps creaked on the floor below. Unerring instinct had guided the ruffian to the spot.

Luke uttered a gasp of terror.

"Be quiet," whispered Tony. "He may think we are not here."

But this was a vain hope. A rasping sound was followed by a blaze of yellow light, and there stood Bill Marsh at the foot of the ladder-hole, with a burning match in his hand.

"Come down here, you young rascals," he cried, harshly. "I won't stand no more foolin'. I'll wring your necks when I git holt of you."

There was no reply. Tony pressed his hand against Luke's mouth to denote silence.

The match that the ruffian was holding burnt his fingers, and, tossing it aside, he scraped another. He need not have done so, for the burning fragment had fallen upon a heap of shavings and other inflammable refuse, and instantly a little blaze leapt up. Bill Marsh made a motion to stamp out the flames, but suddenly changed his mind.

"I've got the drop on you fellers now," he snarled. "If you chuck the money down right away I'll tramp out the fire; if you don't, I'll let you burn up. I mean what I say."

Still no reply. With fast-beating hearts the lads watched the spread of the flames. "Better throw the bag down," whispered Luke.

"Never!" replied Tony. "I promised to guard the money. He won't dare burn the mill down."

Whether the ruffian's threat was sincere or not the boys never knew. That instant a puff of wind fanned the fire into a hissing, roaring blaze, and Bill Marsh vainly tried to stamp it out. Then, alarmed by what he had done, he uttered a volley of profanity, and fled as fast as his legs would carry him. His footsteps echoed along the race and faded in the distance.

The boys had no time to feel elated at the retreat of their enemy. A terrible death stared them in the face, for already their escape was cut off. The mill was a veritable tinder-box, and the corner where the fire had started was one red blaze. The flames crackled furiously as they shot up the planking to the second floor. Dense volumes of smoke, ruddy with sparks, poured through the ladder-hole, and drove the boys away.

Luke was helpless with fear, and could only groan and wring his hands. "We must jump out the window," cried Tony. "It's our only chance." He buttoned his jacket over the bag of money, and, grasping Luke by the arm, tried to drag him forward.

There was but one window on the upper floor, and this was in the end of the building, close beside the ladder-hole. Before the boys could reach it the smoke gave way to angry tongues of flame. In almost less time than it takes to tell, the four sides of the window were ablaze.

Luke uttered a howl of terror, and clung frantically to his companion. Even Tony was staggered for an instant, and fairly lost hope. Then an idea flashed into his mind.

"We must cut a hole in the other end of the building and escape by the ladder," he cried. "Get the hatchet out of that tool-chest, quick!"

The sharp command spurred Luke to obedience, and meanwhile Tony cast his eyes about the flame-lit room. There was no time to cut through the side or end walls. The roof was old and rotten, and offered the best chance. Single-handed he dragged the ladder to the corner most remote from the flames, and reared it in position.

"Here is the hatchet," cried Luke, pressing it into his hands. "Save me, Tony! Don't let me be burnt up!"

"I'll do my best," muttered Tony. "You must look out for yourself till I get through here. Keep your hands off me."

He nimbly ascended the ladder, and Luke followed at his heels, pale and trembling. The next two or three minutes were full of torment and suspense. Tony hacked fiercely at the shingles, and the hole rapidly grew larger. Smoke and sparks surged around him, and the heat of the flames was almost unendurable. Finally he dropped the hatchet with a glad cry and scrambled through the orifice. He stooped down and pulled Luke out beside him. The latter was in a pitiable condition—his eyes blinded with smoke and his face and hands singed by sparks.

The situation of the lads was now but little improved. They stood on the lower edge of the slanting roof, staring helplessly about them. The ground was thirty feet below—too far to jump. The ladder would reach barely half the distance. Flames were already darting through the shingles at the other end of the roof. In front of the boys the red glow quivered on the placid waters of the dam. To their left it shone on a dead and whitened hickory-tree which rose from the edge of the mill-race.

Luke shouted for help at the top of his voice, and clung to his companion with both arms.

"Let go!" cried Tony. "We have one more chance." He disengaged himself by force, and, kneeling beside the hole in the roof, he caught hold of the ladder. Luke shook off his terror sufficiently to lend a hand, and between them the lads drew the ladder out on the roof.

"Up with it!" cried Tony, and, raising it in air, they

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allowed one end to drop toward the tree. It lodged in a crotch between the limbs.

Tony threw himself on the other end to keep it from slipping. "Crawl over!" he shouted. "There ain't a second to lose."

"I'm afraid," gasped Luke. "I'm sure I'll fall."

"No, you won't!" cried Tony. "If you don't go at once, I'll cross myself, and leave you here."

This threat terrified Luke. He plucked up a little courage, and went slowly across the ladder on hands and knees, whimpering with fright. He safely reached the tree, and pulled himself among the limbs. He carelessly rested one foot on the bough which supported the ladder, and his weight caused it to crack and break. Down went the ladder, very nearly dragging Tony with it as it slid off the roof.

Luke uttered a cry of horror. His brave companion was now cut off from all help. But even in this moment of deadly peril Tony did not lose hope or courage. The hissing flames—now towering high above the doomed mill—almost had him in their grasp as he stood for an instant on the verge of the roof, looking down at the surface of the dam. His face was set and resolute in the red glare. He buttoned his jacket tighter about the bag of money, and turned to wave his hand at Luke. Then he drew back a few paces, and for a brief interval the curling smoke hid him from view. He bounded forward, leapt desperately from the roof, and shot through the empty air. With a sullen splash he struck the water far below, and went clear out of sight. A few seconds later he struggled to the surface, and swam feebly toward the breastwork. He gained it, and pulled himself out on the slimy timbers. There he clung, too exhausted to do more.

Long before this the conflagration had attracted attention at a distance, and just as Luke made his way down the tree to the ground, half a dozen farmers arrived on the scene from different directions. He incoherently poured out his story, and three of the men at once waded out on the edge of the dam to rescue Tony. They brought him to shore, and put him tenderly on the grass. He lay there half unconscious, and gasping painfully for breath. He had, no doubt, been stunned and bruised by striking the water sideways. But to the last he was true to his trust. One hand rested tightly on his breast, where the bag of money was still securely buttoned.

The mill was now a mass of flames from top to bottom, and presently it crumbled into ruins. Tony was taken up to the house and put to bed. Luke followed, with tearful eyes, and eagerly volunteered to go for the nearest doctor, who lived three miles away. He was soon galloping through the night, mounted on one of the farm horses. Some of the men started off to hunt for Bill Marsh, while the others remained with Tony.

The news reached Lisburn by morning, and as Mrs. Bender's sister was not dangerously ill, she and her husband started homeward in hot haste.

When they arrived, Tony was sitting up in bed, and his face blazed with joy as he handed Mr. Bender the bag of money. The doctor was present, and he declared that his patient would be all right in a day or two. His injuries consisted of severe bruises.

It was a tearful and humiliating confession that Luke made to his parents that afternoon, and in their presence he begged Tony's forgiveness for the grievous wrong he had done him in the past.

"It's all right, old fellow," Tony replied, feebly. "Don't say any more about it. I know you won't do it again."

Mr. Bender and his wife were greatly shocked and distressed to learn of their son's misconduct, but, as his remorse was sincere, they consented to pardon him.

In a few days Tony was as well as ever, and a week later Mr. Bender moved his family to York. Here a broader life opened before the boys, and their affection for each other remains as true and stanch as though they were real brothers. Bill Marsh was never seen again in the vicinity of his attempted crime, and after a year or two news came of his death in a Western mining town.

Mr. Carson concluded not to rebuild the sawmill, and its ruins still remain—a silent witness to Tony's brave deed.

Two Homes

I.—Johnny's Home

By Rachel Dunkirk

I wish you had seen him the first time I saw him. I had taken a long walk, and, being very tired, I sat down in a beautiful field from which there was an entrancing view. After a time I heard voices—children's voices. I could not see the children, but their voices were so winning that I stood up and asked them if they knew of any place where I could buy sweet apples. A round, freckled face peered over the fence—a boy's face, freckled, but rosy and healthy. It was Sunday, and he was "dressed up." He had on a clean hickory shirt, over one shoulder was a suspender, and his felt hat—more like an inverted basin than a hat in shape—was carefully brushed, as was also his coal-black hair. His dark eyes were full of interest. He had seen these strange people pass his father's house, and curiosity had caused him to follow. He did not know just where my friend and I were, so my sudden appearance and question startled him.

"Yas! lots!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I'll git ye some." In a few minutes he came flying down the field with his hat and both pockets filled. "These are sweet," he announced, "and ye can go to that tree as much as ye like and git them yerself." Without more ado he pulled down his hat as far as it would come over his ears and walked whistling through the fields. When the sun was setting we picked up our walking-sticks and started for home. We had not gone far when we met our apple-boy.

"I wanted to show ye that tree." His eyes were shining, and he was radiant with hospitality. "De ye see that crooked tree? The one sort of cut in two?" "Yes," we answered. "Well, 'tain't that one; it's the other one, on the other side," and he gesticulated violently. "That's the one; the one on the other side. De ye see it?" We saw a tree, so answered "Yes," but whether Johnny's—that was his name—special tree we were not sure. At any rate, we had been invited to make ourselves at home in a beautiful orchard, for Johnny's father had now come from the barn, and he was as cordial and generous as Johnny.

Sweet apples had been the cry of that small city colony for some days, and we were voted benefactors when we announced that we had found sweet apples, and produced the specimens.

All the region about Johnny's home was very beautiful. There was a lovely trout-brook running through it; beautiful mountains covered with woods made a lovely background for the beautifully cultivated fields that we learned later were a source of pride to Johnny's father. These fields were all surrounded by stone fences, well built of small stones, on which beautiful moss and lichens were growing. Great piles of stones in the center of all the fields were evidences of the labor that must have been expended by Johnny's father and grandfather before these fields could be so beautiful and smooth. These piles of stones were almost hidden by goldenrod and asters, so that they became beautiful patches of color, adding new beauties to the field. In one field a mountain ash stood with its scarlet berries, and Johnny's father had evidently done all he could to make it grow, and protect it from the cattle. It stood, a flaming torch, that Sunday afternoon when we first saw Johnny's home.

All these outward signs, with Johnny's politeness, prepared us to see a very attractive father and mother.

The next week, with two little girls, blanket, lunch-basket, and a small-change purse, we started to spend a day in the fields and woods about Johnny's home. Up, up, up we walked until we came to the level on which the house stood. As we came in sight of it we saw Johnny and a number of other children. They were playing about a swing made of leather. Two little girls were visitors;

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they wore shoes and stockings and had on navy-blue flannel dresses. They had driven over from a farm ten miles away with their mother, who was spending the day with Johnny's mother. All the children looked happy—it was such an event to have visitors. Johnny's mother came to the door, and looked just as we would expect Johnny's mother to look—bright, cheerful, almost pretty, and very clean. We arranged to get water and buy milk, and explained what we were going to do. The same hospitality that made Johnny and his father so attractive was shown by the mother. We asked if the children went to school.

"Oh, yes; they are home to-day because they have company," and she put a hand lovingly on each little visitor's head.

"Where is the school? You do not seem to have one very near you."

"Come and I will show you," and Johnny's mother walked through the garden toward the barn. "There it is, just a mile away," and she pointed toward a woods through which you could trace an opening that was the road leading to Johnny's school. "It is a red schoolhouse, just in the edge of the trees. I can see it because I'm used to it. They don't mind that walk," and she smiled down on seven little faces of children, of whom eleven-year-old Johnny was the eldest.

"Are they able, all of them, to go all winter?"

"No; we do not have school in winter. There aren't enough children who can go. School begins in September and keeps until December, and then closes. But it opens again the first of April, and closes in July. I wish the children could get there in winter, but it's too cold for the little children to go so far, and there ain't enough big ones to pay for keeping the school open. They have about an extra day a week, though; school begins at nine, and don't close until half-past four."

The two little city girls gasped. They get out of school, one of them at twelve and the other at two. School opens in October and closes early in June, and they feel that they work hard, even with two long vacations.

"Johnny, will you sell us one of your little sisters?" I asked, suddenly.

He looked surprised, but answered at once "Yes." We were disappointed.

"How much will you sell her for?"

"A million dollars; pay the money right down and keep the girl," and Johnny put his hand on the shoulder of the nearest sister.

Our old regard for Johnny returned.

After a little more laughing talk about calling again, we went on to our favorite field to leave our things. We spent the morning rambling about through the fields and woods, and came back to lunch. Just as we were finishing, nine little children came through the bars and stood in a row gazing at us. Not a muscle moved. Some sunbonnets were tied under dimpled chins; others were blown back and hung round the neck. The navy-blue flannels of the visitors stood out boldly, for all the clothes worn by Johnny and his sisters had been washed and washed till but the merest suggestion of the original color remained. We felt as if we would always know how to sympathize with the animals in a menagerie. We really were as much curiosities to these children as two-headed calves would be, or lambs with eight legs. People who would walk four miles to sit in a field and eat a lunch out of a basket, and thought it necessary to have a blanket to sit on, were worth going to see. Solemnly, without blinking, they gazed, and then ran as though chased when they heard a whistle, screaming, "The wagon's ready, the wagon's ready!" and we concluded the little visitors were going home.

Valuable photographic plates have recently been discovered in Washington, D. C. They are said to be pictures taken from life of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Sumner, Secretaries Stanton and Chase, Generals Grant and McClellan, Mr. Beecher, Professor Agassiz, and others.

Indian Games about Twelve Years Ago

By John Bruyier[1]

I will try to answer your questions in regard to the games of the Indian boys.

We have no game that resembles baseball, but we have a game that nearly resembles cricket. In this game they do not have wickets as they do in the game of cricket, but simply have two posts or poles about ten feet apart at each end of the ground. Between these posts they will try to pass the ball. The side that passes this ball three times wins the game. The players of both sides take their positions about the center of the ground. One man throws up the ball and then both sides scramble for it. They choose sides of any number they please, and put up stakes.

The stick that they use is about four feet long, one inch and a half in diameter, and curved at the end, where a net like a bag is placed to pick up the ball and sling it as far as they can. The man who picks it up with his stick throws it toward his end of the ground. The next man who picks it up with his stick, if he is on the side of the one who slings it last, will continue the direction; but if not, he will sling it back. In this way they play sometimes the whole afternoon.

The Indian boys have tops, but they do not spin them with cords; they use little whips made of strips of buckskin tied in bunches, and whip their tops with it. Their tops are made of pipestone, horns, and various kinds of wood.

The Indians have three familiar games. One is called Raka, meaning bushy. This is made of one main stick about four feet long and two inches in diameter, and pointed at one end. Across this main stick two pointed sticks about one and one-half feet long are fastened on with buckskin strings about a foot apart, and between each stick and the main stick two other projecting sticks, also pointed. At the lower end is a curved stick something like a bow, held in place by a buckskin cord. At either end of the bow is another projecting point. The whole thing is wrapped with fine buckskin and decorated with porcupine work and feathers.

They have a ring about eight inches in diameter, made of raw hide, wrapped with fine buckskin, so that it will not be stiff, but flexible. They take this ring and throw it on the ground, causing it to roll, and then they glide this stick at it, trying to "ring it" with one of these projecting points. The points Nos. 1 and 3 are the highest; if they ring it with one of these, it takes in all their stakes. Nos. 2 and 4 are lower; and if the stick stops within a certain number of spans from the ring, it counts whatever was agreed upon.

It takes two young men to play this game, but they have a great number of persons to put up stakes for them. There are sometimes fifty persons engaged in this game.

Another game is called Paimjankapi, meaning "causing it to roll." This is a stick about one and one-half inches in diameter, made into a hoop. It has four marks on the hoop. The hoop is about one and one-half feet in diameter. They have two sticks, about four feet long, tied together in the center about ten inches apart, and they roll this hoop and throw these sticks under it when it is falling, trying to get their sticks under these marks. These are the marks: ⌒, X, □, |||. The half-circle and the X are the highest, and take in all their stakes. When one counts, it is his turn to roll the hoop; he will of course try to throw it so that it will fall on his side over his stick. This game is only played by two men.

Another game, called Tahukacankdeika, meaning a hide hoop. This is also made in form of a hoop, one and one-half feet in diameter. In the center of this hoop is a ring about an inch in diameter. From this they fasten strips of rawhide to the stick and then crosswise all around like loose basket-work. Then they have a rod about five feet long, pointed at the end; with this they try to pierce the center of the hoop. In this game they choose sides, and stand about fifteen yards apart, and throw this hoop back

[1] A student at Hampton Institute, Virginia. This article was written in response to a letter from the editors.

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and forth. If one should pierce the "heart," as the Indians call it, he will chase the others with it and will try to hit one. This is all to this game.

They have many other games, but these are the familiar games played by every Indian.

We play with the girls until we are about twelve years old, and then we do not play with them any more whatever. If a large boy should play with girls, he would be teased by the others, who will not let him come near them, and call him a girl or other names.

Our fathers and mothers do not expect us to help them as long as they are able to work. Our fathers and mothers expect to support us, with our wives and children. That is understood by every Indian; so, in fact, the son does not do anything but enjoy his early life. Of course he has to learn from his father how to go on the war-path and hunting, in order that he may support his children when his father is not able to support him.

This was so about ten years ago, but things are entirely changed since that time, and a new life has come upon them.

These games that I have written about are not played much now—most died out.

Sunday Afternoon

The Kingdom of Heaven

By the Rev. George D. Egbert[1]

The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant-man, seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.—St. Matt. xiii., 44-46.

Results depend on how you use rather than on what you have. Whether a man sees or not has to do not only with the shine of a sunbeam and the working of the optic nerve; it has also to do with the relation between the two. Use the sun as an object to look at, and you will be blinded; use the sun as an instrument to look with, and you will see well: the same sun will both dazzle and reveal. This is true as to color as well as to beam. Hurry through the picture gallery, admiring the tints of the paintings, disregarding the meaning beneath the paint, and your head will reel; you will be glutted and sickened with color. Stroll leisurely by, study the effect of this cloud and that shadow, this ray and that shimmer, and the color that confused will make clear.

It is true as to sound as well as to color. Listen listlessly to the symphony, noticing the sweet notes of the violins and the deep tones of the trombones, and there will be nothing but a sea-shell roar in your ears. But get at the mind of the composer, catch the thought he was speaking in syllables of sound, and the thunder that deafened will thrill, the flute-note that shrieked will trill, and the confusion will have melted away into melody. Use the sound as an object, it will be only a crash; use it as a means, it will be harmony majestic. Do you see the truth toward which we are moving? Run madly after the popular preacher, entertain yourself with his rhetorical figures, admire his illustrations, find momentary stimulant in his well-rounded phrases, and soon there will be nothing but a jumble of word-colors, a confusion of verbal majors and minors, a perfect chaos of ideas; but grasp and hold tight the thought he is emphasizing, get at the foundation principle on which the structure of his sermon is resting, and every figure will be a ray of light, every illustration will brush away a shadow. Those multitudes of the olden time followed Jesus, charmed with words such as never man spake. What cared they for the truths of the kingdom? So every sermon became more puzzling, every conversation more bewildering, every truth less intelligible, until, tired of the riddle, they fell away. But eyes enlightened kept pace with eyes darkened. As the many dropped off into the gloom, so the faithful few strode out into the clearer shining. Parables that puzzled were parables that proclaimed; the fascination of the speech became the fascination of the speaker, and the listener grew into the lover. Open the Gospels as literature, and you shut them, and tightly, as light-givers: the parable for the parable—ignorance; the parable for the truth—revelation. Admire the brocade of the Temple-veil, and you will get no glimpse within the Holy of Holies.

The two pictures are before us. First, a man bending eagerly over treasure revealed beneath the sod upturned, then carefully concealing the new-found prize and hurrying away to mortgage all his property and invest in the field that holds his "find." A picture very natural in the East, where wars and sieges and sackings were, and are, many, and where property was, and is, a delusion and ownership a sarcasm.

Second view, a lapidary unsatisfied with his stock of pearls seeking a pearl of "purer ray serene" than any that have as yet glistened a smile in his casket, and at last rejoicing in his discovery, and hastening away to gather all his living and invest in this most beautiful pearl. This, too, is a picture natural: in the rich cities by the lake precious stones must have found a market.

The parables are very clear and simple; any Galilean child playing along the shore of Gennesaret might understand the story. But is this all? Nay, nay. This Nazarene was more than a Hans Andersen, and his short stories more than fairy tales. There is a truth back somewhere; our little anecdotes may well lead us to it. But we will pause a moment for a remark preliminary to our subject. The four preceding parables of the chapter were spoken from the boat-pulpit to the multitude crowded on the shore; but when the last had been given, Jesus withdrew into the house, followed by the disciples anxious to know just what he had meant by these four word-pictures. Notice, if you will, that the chosen few were like the many in being dull of perception; none even of the near followers understood the Master; the clear-cut line that divides them is the line that separates languid and momentary interest in words, and eager and passonate longing for truth. These disciples evidence their discipleship by seeking an explanation. The tired preacher did not refuse: evidence, these three additional parables.

So that, you understand, the hid treasure, the goodly pearl, the drag-net, were spoken of only to intimate followers. The recollection of this will go far to explain them. These are peculiarly personal. The kingdom of heaven, with reference to its relation to the world, is the great tree among whose far-spreading branches all the birds of the air may find retreat; a great tree that looked back to a tiny germ for its origin. Yes, with reference to the world the kingdom of heaven is the leaven whose influence permeates all society, and changes, and radically, its character. All men may rejoice in the far-reaching spread of its shade, may be touched by its permeating leaven, but that rejoicing and that contact are *not* evidences of membership in it, nor a warrant for expecting the results that are within its gift. The *personal* is emphasized: he who would win the kingdom must rejoice at its discovery as at hid treasure, must fling away all else that he may concentrate his wealth of energy on the field and its prize, must mortgage all his valuables that he may place this peerless jewel in his casket. The kingdom of heaven is not an atmosphere which a man unconsciously breathes in, a shadow that falls upon him, a sensation that thrills him from a source unrecognized; nay, it is a hoard for which he must dig, a jewel for which he must spend and be spent. Following a traveling teacher with mouth and eyes wide open, expecting to be startled by miracle or tickled by story—that is not discipleship. But leaving boats and nets and desks in custom-houses, and flinging one's self away from all that to many seems worth having—that is discipleship. Get it firmly in mind, men are not saved by "church-fulls," but by individuals. The army that will swing into the golden gate will be made up of privates, each marching as steadily and fighting as loyally and trusting as implicitly as each can.

God does not admit regiments, but men; he is not satisfied with uniforms—he gets beneath the uniform on the

[1] Pastor Canterbury Presbyterian Church, Cornwall, N. Y.

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left side and investigates the heart action. You have been brought into contact with Christianity and Christians. You have been to a certain extent affected by the contact. You once were profane, but association with the reverent has shut that off; you once were tricky in business, but association with the honorable has prompted business fairness and reliability. You once were hard-hearted and close-fisted, but association with the benevolent and charitable has shamed you into a little heart-flabbiness, and has led you to relax your fingers. Self-respect has been placed on a higher basis, association has done the placing, and the result you call religion. Make no such mistake. You cannot catch religion as you catch smallpox. It is not contagious. Your honesty and your reverence and your liberality are not in the blood. Your virtues are only sympathetic. Remove the real virtues, and yours must cease to be. Be flung out into new influences unfriendly or neutral as regards Christianity, and you will be as unfriendly and neutral as any. If you are to be Christians, you must *seek* hard, and *sell* all—you, yourself. Church association, Scripture-reading, prayers, may *help* the search, they are no substitutes for it. If you are to find Christ, you must use your own eyes.

So we look more particularly at the parables presented for to-day's thinking. Words are like brush-strokes; parables, like paintings. We must clearly separate background, or pay the penalty in missing meanings. Note, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field. The great thing here is the treasure, and the field is but the shading that makes the treasure stand out. We are not at liberty, then, to dogmatize on the locality of the hidden gold. We are not at liberty to assert, on the authority of this parable, that salvation is found only in a particular place, nor are we wise to bother ourselves with discussing just where that place is. So the parable is well in accord with the general trend of Scripture. The Holy Spirit does not act upon a soul according to a certain fixed set of rules. Nay, I may go further: we dare not assert that the Spirit *always* acts through means we recognize as spiritual. You say Christ spoke to sinners through the Church. I remember that eleven faithful followers loved not their lives unto the death, and they were on the list before the birthday of the Church had dawned. Because the Church is the representative of Christ here upon earth, it does not follow that it is his only mouthpiece. Because he has promised to work through the Church, it does not follow that he has declared his intention not to work through any other means. Because he says, Here you may find the treasure, he does not necessarily mean, There you will not. And we reach a *reductio ad absurdum* when we begin to assert a particular Church as the only field containing the hid treasure. To say there is no salvation outside of a particular Church, to say that one as conscientious and truth-seeking as we cannot find and has not found the treasure of treasures, because he did not look into the hole we have digged—this is arrant nonsense; nay, worse, it is profanity—the profanity of the rough legionaries who clothed the Master in a tattered purple and crowned him with thorns in rude sarcasm. To assert that Christ saves men only in your way and within your limits is to deny that he saves them at all. The Saviour who knows only one avenue of approach to the human heart never reaches the citadel, and could not raise the siege if he did.

Nor are we justified in limiting the action of the Spirit to Scripture. Here is undoubtedly the clearest revelation of God. Here, from the lips of lawgiver and prophet and singer and historian and apostle, we catch the truths that make us wise unto salvation. But Christ can speak through other lips than these; inspiration is not shut in between the covers of the book we call the Bible. The power of the Holy Spirit was not exhausted in the persons of the Scripture writers, and may be exerted and felt in the words of others who have never received the degree of "prophet" or been titled with "saint." The Bible is *a* Sword of the Spirit, not necessarily *the* Sword, for it is not the only Word. Heaven's armory is not so poverty-stricken as to contain only one weapon. We are making a great mistake: it is not contact with Christianity, but contact with Christ, that saves; not reference to a theory or system, but vital relation to a man. You and I are discussing fields, when we ought to be placing treasures. We are digging post-holes for our petty fences, when we ought to be turning up the sod in our earnest search for gold. We inclose our lots and make narrow entrances; we say, Salvation only here! Only by this Bible; only by this Church, as we have organized it; only by this Providence, as we interpret it, can you enter, and the treasure is well inside. And we are interrupted by the voice of One who spake with authority: "*I* am the door," and our stakes are pulled up, and our bars are let down, and, lo! the field of the treasure stretches away to the horizon. Wherever Christ is, *there* is the field of the treasure. And so I do not need probation to help me out in the heathen problem. Within the shadows of the jungle, by the side of the swift-rolling river whose shores the white man never trod, out in the plains that never re-echoed to the footfall of civilization—there the heathen may find God; yea, and, in the deepest sense, believe on Jesus. No Bible but the writing of God in the sky in golden letters and on the turf with ink of varied hue; no church but the sanctuary blue-domed and tree-columned and grass-carpeted; no historic Christ but the longing for something above and beyond the self of wrong and wretchedness!

One other limitation: the parable does not countenance the selfishness and dishonesty of the finder; it does not commend his hiding his "find." This is a stroke that makes the picture natural, for the action is the natural action of a shrewd man so fortunate as accidentally to come upon a prize. But here the illustration fails, as all illustrations must. The treasure could not be shared; he must have it all or lose it all: but the prize it represents, salvation through Christ, grows richer and more beautiful with the sharing. It is silly to hide this treasure, for the gain comes in revealing. And the great contrast between the temporal and the spiritual is here forced upon us. Temporal tends to "self;" the spiritual to "unself." Only one man can win property; so the rule is, every man for himself, and joy in one's gain is joy in another's loss. But there is enough salvation to go around; and your enjoyment is not at the expense of another's happiness, but, if true, is largely the result of it. Many a man sings, "I am glad salvation is free for you and me," who ought in all good faith to leave out the "for you." The great delight to the really saved man is "that God so loved the *world*." If you are only glad that Jesus loves *you*, you are impudent to think so. If, like the man in the parable, you want to hide your discovered diamonds, they will turn out to be glass.

Now, looking at the two parables in their entirety, we discern the elements in common. First, delight in a treasure. The illustration is very simple; you understand it. Just how a hard-working landowner would feel now if, in plowing or digging, he turned up a pot of gold, that offered to him, all in one moment, the satisfaction he expected would cost him years of hard labor; just what a jeweler would feel to-day if he happened to come across a pearl wonderful in its purity, and realized that he had a stone seldom if ever equaled; just what a violinist would feel to-day if, on the dusty shelf of some pawnshop, he should find a rare old Stradivarius, whence tones unequaled for sweetness and power could be wooed; just what a student would feel if, down behind the book-rack of musty tomes, he should discover an old MS. that solved problems of interpretation that seemed insoluble, and settled questions long mooted. You can understand exactly what the story means when it says "for joy" he goeth and selleth all that he hath; and so you can understand just the joy that Christ expects every man to have who has found the way of salvation. Not the mere momentary satisfaction nor the passing pleasure of an evening of gayety, or an hour or so of communion, but the continued joy of a continued possession, the steady, ever-recurring gladness of an ever-recurring realization that the prize belongs, really *belongs*, to you.

But the question thrusts itself upon us: Since Christ assumed that this delight is the result of finding him, if I

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have never known the joy, have I not reason to doubt that I have ever found the treasure? If I have professed to follow him, or if, not daring to confess him openly, I am daring to hope that he has saved me, and yet have never felt the thrill at the thought of sin-cleansing that I often feel at the realization of some temporal advantage, have I not reason to question my salvation? There must, of course, be regret for sin; there must be despondency now and then in view of repeated failures; there must be many a shadow in the life along the stony and slippery way: but that very regret and that very despondency because of self only emphasize the gladness because of Christ; the very sinfulness and helplessness only lay stress on the wonderful salvation and divine power, and so only give a deeper joy; the very shadows that fling themselves across the pathway only make more refulgent the gleam in the face of Him who bends to lift us when we have fallen. O friend! if into your life there does not come the thrill of perfect, perfect gladness with the realization that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin, the realization that, however sinful and low and mean and thankless we are, he is a perfect atonement for our failings—oh! if you have not known a deep joy, deeper than any you have ever experienced elsewhere, then I fear you have not found the hid treasure; I fear that the pearl of great price has never sparkled its pricelessness. But if you have seen yourself all rags and tatters, and then found a white robe of celestial brilliancy; if you have seen yourself all sores and rottenness, and then found the healing that sent the blood pulsing through your veins in delicious coolness; if you have groped in darkness dense and deep, and then found sight restored and the whole album of the divine form opened before you, oh! then you have known the joy, deeper, purer, better than any pearl can give, than any treasure of glad surprise can offer.

But there is no chance here for self-deception. We may test the depth of the gladness—and this is the second point common to the parables: selling all that one hath.

That must have been a valuable treasure for which the finder sacrificed his all; that a pearl of the first quality, that cost everything. The joy must have been sincere that was accompanied by such an exchange. There was no mere emotionalism here; emotionalism vanishes when you get down into the pocket and the pocketbook. Men in normal conditions are not willing to empty their purse for a feeling. And we begin to understand that Jesus is emphasizing the other side of the truth he uttered when he said, with words that seem harsh: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." That is a stern command, or a simple and natural statement, according to your standpoint. It all depends on whether salvation is to you the pearl of greatest price. If service of Christ is better than any gold, then the lover of money will renounce his covetousness—not only give up dishonest practice, but cease estimating everything on the money basis.

Charity is comparatively easy; it is comparatively simple to hand out a dollar to help a worthy cause. The true test of covetousness comes in when one refrains from demanding what is his right, lest he create an impression of meanness, and do injury to the cause he professes to love; when one lets the dollar go, lest, in calling for his own, he shall seem to think first of his dollar rather than of his influence. Here is where Christianity comes in; making the first question, How will this affect my character and my Master's reputation? and giving up everything rather than imperil either. The lover of pleasure will renounce his pleasure; not giving up this amusement and that amusement necessarily and essentially wrong, but asking, Could my action be misunderstood? Could this innocent indulgence be twisted into an injury to the cause of Jesus, and the weakening of my brother's character? Comparatively, it is not hard to give up the out-and-out sin; really, it is hard to give up the out-and-out harmless thing lest it might become harmful. It is comparatively easy to give up what does not belong to you; it is infinitely harder to renounce what is naturally your own; but here is the sweetness of self-denial, renouncing that to which we have a good right; renouncing it, not because it does do harm, but because it *may*.

Now, do you see what self-sacrifice means? Do you see the truth at which Christ hinted when he said, "Sold all that he had"? Does the horizon of that "*all*" recede, and the world that once seemed large now seem insignificant?

Oh, Christ makes a tremendous demand; but remember it is Christ that makes it, and that that which seems so tremendous, seems so small when his lips are whispering, "For Me." I put my hand in his, and, lo! it is reddened with the blood from his lacerated palm, and as I look up to him, on my forehead fall the drops that tell his agony; and I see on thorn-pierced brow and hollow cheek the pencilings of pain; and I turn away, no longer with "Must I?" but with the passionate cry bursting from my lips, "Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all!"

But you say you know not the joys of possession. You know the time when Christ seemed dear; when you felt he could supply your need; when you realized to some extent his love: but you have no consciousness of salvation, no peace that passeth understanding, no rest that releases wearied limbs. No, but have you sold all that you have to win the jewel? He that hath no money—come ye, buy. You must buy with a price you can offer, but a price that must be paid.

"I'm glad salvation's free." Free? Yes and no. You can't earn it, but you must win it by sacrifice. You can't deserve it, but you must grasp it, and your hand isn't big enough for self and Saviour. You get it for nothing, but you give everything for it. Peace-seeker, how about that everything?

But the closing thought is here—the difference between the landowner and the merchant: the one found by accident, the other after search. The essence of the joy of the one was unexpectedness; of the other, final success.

I do not doubt that in this congregation to-day I face some who have sought long and wearily; who have yearned for Him, and are yearning, as the desert wanderer strains his eye to catch a glimpse of the oasis beckoning to palms and peace. Be not tempted to think that Christ fails to keep his promise. Believe still that if you seek earnestly you will find, and the joy of finding will be all the more thrilling because your search has been so patient and persevering. The pearl will gain a finer luster for its long concealment.

But no doubt some before me have had no thought of finding Christ to-day. To such persons I underline the "*now*." You say that you are unprepared—that this is very sudden—that you have not thought of service seriously; and I show you the landowner digging and toiling in the same old way in the field, with naught but a life of digging and toiling ahead; when, lo! beneath the clods of rough earth his spade strikes the treasure: riches banish toil, and the poor farmer is the lord of the manor. And, prompted by Him who told the tale, I say, "Here and now," in that pew, at this moment, even while I tell you of a Saviour, you may find this treasure untold. A man does not need to be made ready for joy; digging up a prize is preparation enough; and you may find Christ precious, and be blessedly surprised at your finding, if you will. And, looking you squarely in the eye, I ask, "Will you?"

Four Practical Principles[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Much shallow philosophy has been written concerning the difference between acts which are sinful *per se*, and acts which are made sinful by the circumstances and conditions of the particular occasion. In fact, all sin lies in the intention. The best deed perpetrated with an evil intent becomes evil; and deeds which are ordinarily accounted evil may be sanctified by a noble motive. Nevertheless, practically there is a clear distinction between actions which,

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for October 29, 1893.—Compare Romans xiv.

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if not always sinful, are presumptively so, and can be justified, if at all, only by extraordinary circumstances, and actions which are in themselves innocent, and are evil only as the circumstances make them injurious; between actions which the universal judgment of all morally educated men condemn, and those concerning whose moral character the wisest and best men differ. To take the life of a neighbor, to take his property without his leave, to tell him an untruth, are acts which fall in the first category. To dance, to play cards, to go to the theater, to drink wine, are acts which fall in the second category. To ignore this simple distinction, and treat the second class of actions as inherently and essentially sinful—*malum in se*—is to paralyze that power of moral discrimination which is one of the first conditions of the highest and best moral life. In Paul's time eating meat that had been sacrificed to idols belonged in this second category. Whether it was right or wrong depended upon circumstances. It might be innocent; it might be injurious. The principles which Paul, in the eighth chapter of First Corinthians and the fourteenth chapter of Romans, applies to the eating of such meats apply equally to all acts of a similar character. These principles are four in number.

I. First of all, he recognizes the simple principle that there are acts which are in themselves perfectly innocent, and yet which circumstances may make injurious and therefore unlawful. One man knocks wooden balls about on a green lawn—he plays croquet; another knocks ivory balls about on a green table—he plays billiards: one man plays with pieces of cardboard on which are printed the names of certain writers—he plays authors; another plays with similar pieces of cardboard on which are printed a king, a queen, and a jack—he plays whist: one capers in a parlor and calls it dancing; another capers in a gymnasium and calls it calisthenics. There is nothing inherently more immoral in a table than in a lawn; in a king than in an author; in a parlor than in a gymnasium. Whether these acts are right or wrong depends upon various circumstances—the time, the place, the conditions, the temperament of the individual, the probable effect on himself and on other individuals—in a word, upon the question whether it will probably be injurious or not.

II. In determining these doubtful questions every man is to be governed by his own conscience. If he thinks the act is wrong, that settles the question; for him it is wrong. "To him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean." For to do from some lower motive what one believes to be wrong is wrong, since the wrong is in the motive, not in the act. If a Romanist, who believes that she should offer adoration to the Virgin Mary, abstains lest she should be laughed at by her fellow-servants, she has done wrong, and equally would her Protestant companion do wrong if she were to offer apparent adoration to the Virgin Mary lest her Roman Catholic companions should think her odd. It may be inherently quite right, and even a very valuable piece of education which it is not wise to neglect—such is, indeed, my opinion—to go to the theater to see some great interpretation of Shakespeare in Hamlet or Macbeth. But if a boy has been brought up to think all theater-going wrong, and, coming to the city, yields to the persuasions of his companions and goes to the theater from motives of curiosity, carrying with him a guilty feeling, he is doing wrong, though the companion at his side, who has had a different education and has a different moral judgment concerning the theater, may be doing quite right. This is what Paul means by the declaration that "he that doubteth is condemned if he eat." Doubtful deeds are always wrong to him that doubts.

III. But this conscience is given to each man that therewith he may judge for himself, not that he may judge for his neighbor. Some men have easy-going and tolerant consciences. They think it immaterial how doubtful moral questions are determined. They are natural conformists. When they are in Rome, they do as the Romans do. They are equally ready to dance or not to dance, to play or not to play, to go to the theater or to stay away. These debatable questions of the moral life do not seriously interest them. Some men have rigorous and exacting consciences. They condemn every doubtful action, and condemn it equally in their neighbor and in themselves. They are not content to remain away from the theater, the cards, the dancing-party, themselves; they wish to make a law that their neighbors shall do the same. If they cannot make it a law of the community, they will make it a law of the church; if they cannot make it a law of the church, they wish to enact it into a social code; if they cannot do this, they sit in condemnation on any neighbor whose practice differs from their own. If the neighbor goes to the theater and they do not, they condemn the neighbor for worldliness; if the neighbor does not go to the theater and they do, they condemn the neighbor as a bigot. Both kinds of conscience Paul condemns. He claims for himself and for every man liberty of moral judgment. He urges on every man, and exercises himself, painstaking and strenuous moral judgment. The man with the right kind of conscience will be rigid with himself, but he will not judge his neighbor, nor judge for his neighbor. If he dances, he will recognize the uprightness of his neighbor who does not dance. If he does not dance, he will recognize the integrity of his neighbor who does dance. Conscience is the lawgiver of the soul. Obey it implicitly. But if your conscience endeavors to become lawgiver for another's soul, it is usurping authority which does not belong to it. And if another's conscience endeavors to usurp authority over your soul, resist the usurpation. Liberty and responsibility are commensurate; you cannot surrender the first without betraying the second.

IV. On these three principles is founded the fourth: The liberty to do the doubtful thing is a liberty to be exercised in love.

"Ye have been called unto liberty: only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."

"Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak."

"Let us therefore not judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

This is the law of love—for love's sake one should be willing to surrender his liberty. But he cannot surrender what he does not possess. If he has no liberty to drink wine, he cannot surrender it for the sake of others. On the other hand, his is not a loving soul if he will not willingly surrender that liberty on love's demand.

In all such debatable questions, then, the first matter to be settled by the individual is, What is right for me to do? If, for example, the theater does him harm, he is to stay away from it. The fact that it does not do some one else harm is no justification for his attendance. But the fact that it does not do him harm is not conclusive. He is also to consider its effect on others. What effect will that attendance have upon the actors, upon his own companions, upon the community? If that effect will be injurious, then he is to give up gladly the pleasure and even the benefit it may confer upon him, unless that benefit is clearly so great as to counterbalance the possible injury to others. But, while he abstains, he is not to judge others who come to a different conclusion. If he abstains, he is not to condemn those who go; if he goes, he is not to condemn those who abstain. Finally, if there is a question in his mind, he is to abstain. If pleasure is in one scale, and possible moral injury to himself or to others is in the other, there should be no hesitation.

It is not always perfectly easy to apply these principles; but their conscientious application will solve most of the problems in morals concerning those actions whose moral character depends upon the character of the individual and the special circumstances of the time and place.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: October 30—The Lord giveth the victory (Ps. xcviii., 1–9); October 31—Thine is the victory (1 Chron. xxix., 10–13); November 1—Victory over death (Isa. xxv., 6–9); November 2—Victory over sin (Rev. xv., 2–5); November 3—Judgment unto victory (Matt. xii., 17–21); November 4—Christ victorious (Ps. xcvi., 1–13); November 5—Topic: Victory through Christ (1 Cor. xv., 57; 1 John v., 3–5).

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Books and Authors

Direct Legislation[1]

Compact, reliable, interesting, must be the verdict of an impartial critic upon Mr. J. W. Sullivan's handbook, "Direct Legislation." That a writer so radical should have written an essay so judicial is a matter of some surprise, but Mr. Sullivan has cared so much for the cause he is presenting that he has put in the foreground the testimony and comments of students and statesmen whose impartiality and conservatism are everywhere recognized, giving to his own observations a subordinate place. The government of the people by themselves, instead of their government by representatives, has been gradually establishing itself in Switzerland since 1848. In only one of the twenty-two cantons is the action of the legislature now final, and this canton, significantly, is Ultramontane Freiburg. In the two largest cantons, Zurich and Berne, the reference of all laws to the whole body of citizens is obligatory, and so is it in a half-dozen of the smaller cantons; in the remainder (excepting, of course, Freiburg) the popular verdict must be taken upon the petition of a certain proportion of the citizens, usually from one-fourth to one-sixth. In the national government, also, the optional referendum has been employed since 1874; the petition of 30,000 citizens, or eight cantons, requiring its application. In fourteen of the cantons private citizens have also the right to initiate legislation. Upon petition of from one-twelfth to one-sixteenth of the voters, any measure, no matter by whom drafted, must be considered by the cantonal legislature, and submitted within a brief period to the vote of the people. So well has this worked in cantonal affairs that the same right has been granted in national affairs, the federal initiative having been established two years ago. One would naturally fear that such frequent references of measures to the people would require constant voting; but in Zurich, for example, this evil is avoided by semi-annual elections. "The people of Zurich," says Mr. Sullivan, "have proved that the science of politics is simple: by refusing special legislation, they evade a flood of bills; by deeming appropriations once revised as in most part necessary, they pay attention chiefly to new items." The effect of this direct legislation in reducing partisanship, in preventing the corruption of town councils, and, above all, in educating the whole people upon all public questions, seems to impress in the same way all writers on Swiss affairs.

Mr. Sullivan's essay is something besides a description of the working of direct legislation in Switzerland. It reviews its establishment in the United States in the form of the New England town meeting—America's best example of pure democracy (best both in the securing of good government and the education of good citizens—and then shows how, in an almost unconscious way, the same principle is being introduced in commonwealths and communities all over the country, through the submission of constitutional amendments dealing with a wider and wider range of subjects, and through giving to the voters at large the decision of such questions as the licensing of liquor-dealers and the granting of franchises to corporations. Upon the last two questions there remains scarcely any public-spirited citizen who will not agree with Mr. Sullivan's conclusion that the interests of morality as well as the service of the public demand that the verdict of the whole people should take the place of the verdict of the municipal politicians. Upon the question of extending the same principle to National affairs there will be a wider divergence of opinion, but the tendencies of democracy all over the world are the same as those that have completely triumphed in Switzerland. There is, for example, a growing feeling in our own country that we must in some way put an end to such anomalies as that now confronting us, when the advocates of the suspension of the silver issues—pointing to the actions of Boards of Trade—claim to represent the will of the people, while the opponents of suspension—pointing to the platforms in the last campaign—claim that eight-tenths of the people are in favor of maintaining or increasing the present issues. In a similar way in Great Britain we find Conservatives justifying the House of Lords almost solely on the ground that it can prevent great changes until a direct vote of the people is taken upon them, while Lord Salisbury in his recent address (July 7) concludes by asking his friends to consider "whether we do not require some more definite technical, absolute safeguard, that the constitution by which the nation lives shall not be changed without the nation's will." The principle of direct legislation is everywhere pressing itself to the front, and a compact, readable handbook, presenting its practical workings, is a welcome contribution to current political discussion.

[1] *Direct Legislation.* By J. W. Sullivan. The Twentieth Century Company, New York. $1.

The Prince of India[1]

General Wallace as a writer of fiction is nothing if not bold. Not content with taking as his subject one of the most splendid epochs of history—an epoch which furnishes the writer of historical romance with really magnificent opportunities—he gives us, not one, but two stories of the fall of Constantinople. The first follows in the main the lines of history, with such embellishment, creation of minor characters, and invention of incident as are proper to the historical novel; the second, an excursion into the wildest realms of fancy, makes the overthrow of Constantinople a single episode in the deathless life of the Wandering Jew. Even the thousand pages of these two volumes afford scant space for the interweaving and simultaneous carrying on of these two stories. To the judicious reader's taste that part of the novel which comes closest to the historical fact will prove most attractive. The chapters picturing the pilgrimage to Mecca, the Greek life at Constantinople, the character of the young Mohammed (to us the most natural personage in the book), the preparations for the attack on Constantinople, the siege and storming of the city, hold the attention most deservedly. The minuteness with which the author has reproduced the age, both in its details and in its splendor as a whole, is remarkable. On the other hand, we confess to finding the Prince of India himself altogether too modern in mode of thought and speech to be a good representative of the Wandering Jew. That ancient of days as we find him in Middle-Age legend and poem is, and should be, mystical, elusive, half of this world, half of the other, while the Prince is matter-of-fact to a degree. Neither his Monte-Cristo-like lavishness in expending the treasure wrested from the tomb of Hiram of Tyre, nor his sudden (and rather disagreeable) transformation from age to youth at the close of the book, makes us feel, so to speak, the reality of his unreality. He is too much a modern man with a mission. His is a most excellent mission, to be sure—the unification of the world's great religions—but there are moments in the story when that mission, from the point of view of the art of fiction, becomes a bore. His adopted daughter Lael, too, with her artless prattle, sometimes palls upon one. The Princess Irène, the monk Sergius, and the brave Count Conti, are much more lifelike, and are worthy of serious admiration and attention.

The ecclesiastical quarrels between the Greek and Roman branches of the Church in the fifteenth century were somewhat too intricate to lend themselves easily to the purpose of fiction. Allowing for the difficulties of the case, General Wallace has made good use of them. If what should be the background of the story is sometimes allowed to obscure the actors and the action, it is at least a background worthy in itself of careful study. And whenever a chapter of exposition or argument threatens to weary the reader, it is promptly followed by one of action and incident. The story is constantly kept moving, for General Wallace well knows that in the rapid following of inci-

[1] *The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell.* By Lew Wallace. 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

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dent with incident and surprise with surprise lies a great part of his hold upon the reader. With this in mind, he does not disdain to employ even so excessively sensational a tale as that of the capture and rescue of Lael.

Of "Ben-Hur" it is said that over five hundred thousand copies have been sold. Whether the "Prince of India" equal this phenomenal popularity or not, it is already certain that it will be more widely read than any other American novel of the year, and probably of the decade.

In *Personal Recollections of John G. Whittier* (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York) Mrs. Mary B. Claflin gives a charming portrait of one of the most delightful of men. With the simplicity in dress and language of the Quaker, he united a rare appreciation of beauty in literary form; with none of the advantages which Longfellow possessed of academic training and foreign travel, he was not Longfellow's inferior in perfect finish; with the indomitable will of the Puritan, and a courage such as only an unswerving conscience can give, he combined a winsomeness of manner born of tender and universal sympathy; with the very practical common sense which the rugged New England education develops, he possessed a nature which without that development might have made him a mystic, if not a pietist. While he lived, Mr. Whittier would not allow strangers to share his private life; he was too shy and timid. But a few intimate friends he admitted to the sanctuary of his heart. Mrs. Claflin offers no analysis of his character, and does not retell the oft-told story of the poet's life. But she lets the reader into her own delightful home, to sit by the poet's side and hear him talk, and get glimpses of aspects of his character which, though not incongruous with his writings, could hardly be deduced from even the most intimate acquaintance with them. His quiet humor and quick repartee will be a surprise to many of Mr. Whittier's admirers. The cultivated simplicity and perfect sympathy of Mrs. Claflin's narrative fits the theme admirably. The portrait is framed as Whittier would have it framed.

Italy was never more sensitive to Greek literary motives than in the years which preceded the civil war; and in this epoch Catullus lived and wrote. He was not a great thinker, but the most accomplished writer of what we are now calling *vers de société;* that is to say, Catullus was at once the Béranger and the Austin Dobson of Rome in its Julian days. Horace and his set, for political as well as literary reasons, agreed to ignore the young poet of Verona. For this reason, perhaps, the poems of Catullus came near being entirely lost. Indeed, at the beginning of the fourteenth century only one MS. of Catullus's was in existence; all others now known are derived from this. Professor Merrill, of Wesleyan University, has prepared an excellent edition of this "singer of Euphorion," the learned Catullus, and has based his text upon the two great MSS., the Parisian and the Oxonian, derived from that unique fourteenth-century codex, which has now disappeared. The result is highly satisfactory, and takes the place of the larger and more elaborate edition of Robinson Ellis, at any rate for English-reading students. We are satisfied with the discretion as well as with the learning of Professor Merrill in this welcome edition of the most elegant of Latin poets. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten Mr. Lerch's sympathetic and suggestive study of Bishop Brooks's style which appeared in our columns during the past summer. This study is recalled by the *Sixth Series of Sermons*, which has recently come from the press of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. (New York). These sermons, in their spirituality of temper, their breadth of sympathy, their insight, and their beautiful literary quality, are quite on a level with any earlier sermons from the same hand. It was a notable fact in Bishop Brooks's career that he seemed to come to maturity at a comparatively early age, reaching an almost perfect form in the presentation of truth, and keeping a sure mastery of it to the very end. It is unnecessary in this place to characterize this volume in detail. Like its predecessors, it is full not only of consolation but also of spiritual stimulus, for Dr. Brooks was not content to gather up the fragments of life: he was always endeavoring to make life superior to its accidents.

We are, it may be, somewhat weary of hearing King Edward I. styled "the English Justinian," but the title is well deserved. His contemporary European monarchs were, like himself, concerned in building up constitutional monarchies; that of Edward has alone survived. He stands at the head of modern English political forms. *Edward I.*, by Professor T. F. Tout, is an excellent résumé of his life and work, and is one of the very best in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen." The chief blot upon his reign is his active persecution of the Jews, which Professor Tout passes over rather lightly. The real genius of the King was shown clearest in the skill with which he extricated himself, as far as it was possible in the then existing conditions of society, from the complexities of feudalism. This, though not expressly stated, is plain in Professor Tout's account. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

The late Metropolitan of Canada was a man of significance. A spiritually minded man of no mean intellectual ability, Bishop Oxenden's career and work shed a mild and grateful glow over the last years of the dying evangelical, or "Low Church," party in the Episcopal Church of Canada. He is known most widely as a writer of tracts and books of devotion. *Plain Sermons, with a Memoir and Portrait of the Author* (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), gives one another side of his mind, and from it we, who never had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with the godly prelate, learn how true was his knowledge of the human soul, and how precisely he perceived what ought to be said in a sermon.

We have already expressed our high sense of appreciation of the utterances of the Rev. Professor George D. Herron, and we can only reiterate what we have already said concerning the inspiring and noble words of this teacher in his application of the Gospel message to the sociological problems of the present day. *The New Redemption: A Call to the Church to Reconstruct Society According to the Gospel of Christ*, is a powerful and a Christly proclamation. We commend this book to young clergymen and to students for the ministry; and, indeed, to all whose minds are yet open to the reception of a living and life-giving message. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

The King's Business: Proceedings of the World's Convention of Christians at Work and Seventh Annual Convention of Christian Workers in the United States and Canada, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., November 10, 1892, is a full report of all that was said and done at the Convention, and is consequently a veritable storehouse of points and suggestions to those who are engaged in evangelistic work. (Bureau of Supplies for International Christian Workers, New Haven, Conn.)

The recent installment of the *Sermon Bible* covers the Epistles of the New Testament from Colossians to James, inclusive. Its characteristics are the same as are those of its predecessors—a catholicity of selection, a conservatism in theology, a skill in condensation, and a discrimination in the choice of texts. The brief introduction mentions some of the chief commentaries upon the ground covered by this volume. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.)

Literary Notes

—Professor Woodberry's Life of Mr. Lowell will not appear until next spring.

—The biography of Cardinal Manning has been written by Edmund S. Purcell, and Macmillan & Co. will bring it out in two volumes.

—Mr. Denton J. Snider's very suggestive and original studies of the World's Fair under its different aspects, Organization, the Fair Domes, State Buildings, and the Greek Column, have been reprinted in pamphlet form by the Chicago Kindergarten College.

—A collection of the letters of Coleridge has been prepared by E. H. Coleridge, and will soon be published. Some of them have already been printed in books that are now out of print, but the larger number are new. The dates range from 1785 to 1833, and they are addressed, among others, to Mrs. Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, and John Murray.

—Dr. William Smith died in London on October 7, at the age of eighty. His "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" appeared in 1842, his "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology" in 1849, and his "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography" in 1857. He was also the author of a school history of Greece, a Latin-English dictionary, a dictionary of the Bible, and other classical and Biblical works.

—A Hebrew translation of "Daniel Deronda" is coming from the press in Poland. The translator, David Frishmann, says in his preface that he believes that George Eliot, in writing this novel, was miraculously inspired. "Who," he writes, "taught this non-Jewish woman the life of the Jews in all its details? Who planted in her heart the law of truth and the spirit of prophecy?" His answer is that such knowledge could only be revealed by God.

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The Religious World

The Chicago World's Congress of Missions

From a Special Correspondent

Following the Parliament of Religions, the Missions Congress felt its influence; the aroma of tolerant thought toward all religions lingered, although the Missions Congress stood confessedly in a vastly different relation toward other religions. To devote its sessions to a study of comparative religions was not its first purpose; but, speaking in the large, a deep desire to understand the race-religions and to build constructively from their better elements was observable. Indeed, it was evidenced that wise missionaries had not waited for the popular "Parliament" to tell them to study the religions of peoples they were set to teach, but were simply rejoicing that the results of their long investigation and literary studies, which in some cases had almost rediscovered the purer elements of religions which had been buried under structures of idolatry and corruption, were before the people. As a rule, the missionaries were not only ready to sail on the popular wave, they had patiently climbed the sands and were waiting for the tide of Christian opinion to rise to them. There were other notes, quite enough of them, too, played on old exclusive instruments, to show the need of this readaptation of missionary methods, but these were not allowed to mar the general harmony.

It was quite natural that missionaries should rush from the polite restraints of the earlier meetings, where the finer qualities of Buddhism and other religions were told by spiritual men, to an exposition of the popular side of heathenism, in which idolatry is rampant and a debased polytheism is the only practical guide of millions of men and women who live in a darkness which their spiritual and philosophic guides seem to regard lightly. If some of the "mission" speakers feared that other religions made so good a showing in their presentations that Christianity might suffer in comparison, or even that peoples professing them would be left to them as sufficient guides through the darkness of life into the deeper gloom of the life to come, it was from lack of faith both in Christianity and in Christians. In fact, as these supposed "nerves" of missions are exposed one after another to light, and wither away, it is found that they were not nerves and that their galvanic action was not life. Eternal punishment as a missionary motive goes, and missions increase; the good in heathen religions is shown, and, while rejoicing that God has not left himself without some witness among their adherents, the Christian world gathers itself up as never before to convert them to Christ, the highest revelation of God; and as these old motives go, it becomes clear to the most hopeless that Christ is the life of his people, and that the inspiration to missionary work will always be the love of those who, knowing him, know that there is full salvation in no other, and share in his loving desire to bring all men to himself.

The Missions Congress plunged at once into practical work, and, with the Rev. Walter Manning Barrows, D.D., as presiding officer, opened its sessions with "City Missions." Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith, from his large experience, told of the great place of the city of to-day, its immense perils to our civilization, its terrible responsibilities, its glorious possibilities. With all its evils in such constant evidence before him, it is encouraging that the speaker believes in the ultimate triumph of the religious elements and the purification of our cesspools of cities into centers of a noble, complete, Christian civilization. The Rev. J. McNeil and the Rev. J. D. Burrell spoke as specialists on City Missions; and woman's work in city evangelization, including that of Bible women, nurses, and visiting deaconesses, was detailed by Mrs. Meyer, of Chicago, and Miss Dora Stephenson, of London, England. The Salvation Army received its due proportion of notice.

Home missions, the unevangelized in Christian lands, and the problems and methods of Christians with regard to them, occupied three sessions, one of which was filled by representatives of the great co-operative societies, the Bible, the Tract, and the Book Societies, and the Sunday-schools. Turning to the great nations, the Congress thoroughly canvassed foreign fields, the trend of race-religions, obstacles to missionary success, with the one great future hope of overcoming these, inspired by schemes for denominational co-operation or comity. As a practical result of six addresses devoted to the subject of Christian union, a committee to undertake the reorganization of missionary forces was appointed. Dr. J. H. Barrows, Dr. J. C. Angell, Dr. Mackay-Smith, the Rev. A. J. Gordon, Drs. Townsend, Brown, Ewald, Summerbell, and Burrell, with Bishops Arnott and Cheney, of this committee, are men whose acceptance indicates that the wasteful overlapping contention and confusion of the missionary forces of Christianity are at last nearing an end, and this will be a long step towards organic Christian unity.

Nothing more notable was heard than the addresses of General Cowen, of the United States Court; the Rev. A. A. Fuller, of the Central Turkish College; and the Rev. W. Elliot Griffis, D.D., on the responsibilities of Christian Governments as to human rights, the address of the latter claiming on many grounds the support of the entire power of the United States Government for each citizen wherever living. Christian Governments and the rum traffic, the treaty rights of the heathen, and, above all, the awful statements of the dishonor thrown on the name of Christianity by the hideous gains received by the English Government as the result of the debasing opium drug forced on an unwilling China, were subjects whose treatment showed that missionary workers appreciate the necessity of international justice and the progress of large and universal humanitarian principles before the ground can be cleared of the main hindrances to their work—*i. e.*, the corruption of whole heathen peoples by the vices of Christian nations. Proportionate giving, personal and parental responsibility in the preparation of missionaries, and the native evangelists as the best forces in the Christianization of their peoples, were subjects treated with great breadth and scope.

We note an address on the "Inaccessible Fields of Islam" as showing that countries occupied by Mohammedans are the bitterest opponents to Christian influences, and that their intolerant and warlike religion may be the last to yield to Christianity. So inadequate is the space at our disposal for even brief notice of the great speakers and greater issues of this very important Missions Congress that it is a relief to know that a full record of its sessions, with papers and speeches complete, will soon be issued by its Secretary, the Rev. E. M. Wherry, D.D. (Tract Society, Chicago). No practical worker in any Christian missionary field should miss its general influence and practical lessons as they will thus be given. The Woman's Missions Congress was of deep interest, and on many days its sessions were united with the general Congress. Its speakers were among the greatest of the World's Christian workers.

Opening of the Evangelical Alliance Congress

From a Special Correspondent

The last meetings of the great world's series at Chicago are beginning, and none have been more important than the sessions which are in charge of the Evangelical Alliance. As the earlier Congresses seemed to lead to the religious meetings of this month, making religion the crown of humanity, so the religious parliaments, Sunday rest associations, Christian associations, and denominational conferences have prepared for the great programme in which the Alliance seeks to present to the world the attainments, purposes, and methods by which Christianity rules over human progress, its best guide, its unfailing friend of the past, its hope for the future.

The Alliance has not fitted itself for this culminating representation of Christian forces without a growth and enlargement hardly foreseen at its inception, and it owes much to its present wise leaders, who have kept it fully in touch with the revelation of Himself that God's Spirit has granted to the sons of men in this later day of his grace. The old motto of the Alliance, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity," has a simpler and a nobler one above it now, and "Unum corpus sumus in Christo" is the motto of the Alliance meetings, while "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto" might be received as that of the Parliament of Religions.

In an opening address, Dr. Barrows confessed that it had been his comfort, in arranging the Parliament, that the Missions Congress and Alliance to follow would complete the presentation of Christianity to the world, and emphasize any of its claims that had not been fully drawn out in the Parliament. President Bonney, in welcoming this one hundred and fiftieth Congress to the now familiar halls of the Art Institute, gave it the same intelligent appreciation that he has shown to each as it came upon this platform, where the most vital human issues have been discussed, with even deeper sympathy for its special relations to the commanding principles of religious liberty and Christian unity, and claimed the name Evangelical as representative of the breadth of Christ's sway over the whole life, the every-day life, of the world.

Mrs. Potter Palmer had her true and graceful word to say of the labors and influence of woman, now that she is no longer within the fortress in time of war, but stands grandly forth as man's helper in this era of peace. Dr. Prochet, Lord Kinnaird, and Professor Drummond were the foreigners who responded to the American greetings; General Howard gave the necessary

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National element, and Dr. McPherson welcomed the Alliance to this great representative and typical American city. Mr. William E. Dodge's words as President of the Alliance noted its progress along lines of reunion and practical work, and dwelt on the new feature of sectional conferences, wherein the specialists of the world will tell of their plans and successes in nearly every form, of every kind of work that can aid the body or soul of man. The address of Dr. Merrill E. Gates, of Amherst, on "The Religious Aspects and Results of the Discovery of America," was like an inspiration, suited to the time of the world, the great week of the Fair, and the culmination of the religious gatherings. "Christopher the Christ-bearer, Columbus the Spirit of the Christ," were names opening gates to a land wherein God had been preparing room for a richer and fuller revelation of manhood; but into those gates entered, as the permanent forces in the development of His purposes, not the Spaniard or the Italian, but the men taught from Luther's open Bible, the best blood of England, and the free religious and political ideas of Holland; the strong religious forces both of Puritan and Church of England. It was the Huguenots, standing for religious freedom, and not the followers of Loyola, with all their sacrifices, who took deep root from France, and Protestant America is the heir of the best in all the Churches, from all the ages.

Thus the Alliance has opened a series of meetings vital in importance to the Christians of America, with a promise that it will be truly catholic as well as evangelical, and that it will work for the reunion of Christendom and the evangelization of the world, standing for all efforts of religious and social reform.

Canon Barnett and Church Neglect

The Rev. S. A. Barnett, who is known around the world as one of the wisest workers among the poor in East London, has just been appointed Canon of Bristol Cathedral. When the announcement was first made, many feared that Toynbee Hall, of which he is Dean, would suffer by his promotion, but we are assured that such will not be the case On the other hand, he will devote more time, rather than less, to work among the poor of London. He has just contributed an article of very great interest to the "Westminster Gazette," under the title of "The Church in East London," in which he attempts to answer the question why the Church fails to reach so large a proportion of the people in that densely populated district. It should be remembered that he speaks of the Established Church. He says that perhaps not five per cent. of the adult population are at the Sunday services, and asks what is the cause of the failure. His first answer is, "Because of the wealth of the Church." "The common people do not understand how the Church, with so much money at its command, is so ill-kept, and the parson such a persistent beggar. They judge the Church as they would a department of State or their own trade-union, by its management of its money, and they condemn it. The suspicion that the parson does not serve God for naught, discounts the attractive power of many sincere acts. It is hard for rich society, as for rich individuals, to enter the kingdom of heaven, and it is the wealth of the Church which does much to prevent it from entering into its kingdom in East London."

The next cause of failure is discussed with a frankness delightful from a Church of England clergyman. He says: "The people are repelled by the form of service. They are u ed to direct address; they are not used to being called 'dearly beloved,' to being told that references are to be found 'in sundry places,' or to be treated every week, for all their lives, as if their circumstances were unchanged. The slavery, for instance, of the clergyman to the words of the Prayer-Book at moments of intense feeling, the careful intonation by careless boys of the statement that they are 'miserable sinners,' the importance set on postures and gestures, all jar upon a reason which has not been enlarged by history or art. East Londoners like direct speech, and simple and reasonable service. It ought not to be that good citizens and honest men, they who are taking part in political and social movements, should be able to think that the Church does not speak their language."

The last cause of failure to be mentioned is the non-democratic character of the Church. "By speeches and by Acts of the Legislature the people are told that with them rests the control of the Empire—of its vast resources, of its peace or war. They know that they do control trade societies and co-operative societies, and that their representatives are welcome on the County Council. They are not, therefore, drawn to a Church where everything is controlled by the dead hand of the past, or by that of a parson in whose appointment the people have had no part. They see that the hours of service, the expenditure of the offertories, the administration of the parish, are all arranged apart from popular control, and they conclude that the Church is not for them. Their interest is not evoked as it would be evoked if they were called on to take a responsible part in its management. They accept what the Church offers in treats and in services for the children, but for themselves they pass it with indifference."

Thus, with his accustomed directness and common sense, the man who more than any other has earned the right to speak for East London tells his Church concerning what it must do if it would retain its hold upon the millions who throng the East End. The words of Canon Barnett may well be heeded in our American cities: "The poor will not be won to churches which seem to be rich and yet which are constantly begging;" they demand sharp and clear thinking, clothed in language easily understood, and almost to a man they are ardent champions of democracy. Whatever else is done or left undone, these suggestions must be heeded before the masses now outside of our churches can be induced to co-operate with them in Christian work.

The Lucerne Conference

The Conference at Lucerne, which has had for its object the reunion of the churches, has issued a deliverance which should command the careful attention of all Christian workers. Any document bearing the signatures of such men as sign this should be earnestly heeded; but the address has merit in itself. It makes the following suggestions in the interests of Christian union:

1. The setting apart of one Sunday in the year for special services, the arrangements including, as far as possible, an interchange of pulpits; the united attendance of all believers within a given district at Holy Communion; and the delivery on the part of Christian ministers, once a year, of a sermon calling attention to the good works of some other branch of the Church than their own.

2. The formation of social unions, such as those at Glasgow and Manchester, with a view to concerted action in the social, philanthropic, and public objects of Christian endeavor.

3. The practice of a periodical conference between all Christian ministers in a district for counsel and encouragement, and the securing of a concerted agreement between the representatives of the various denominations to discourage the overlapping of Christian agencies, and to promote the concentration of Christian effort in strong organizations, instead of frittering it away in the creation of weak societies.

This is signed by the Bishop of Worcester, and Canons S. A. Barnett, Farrar, Fremantle, and H. C. G. Moule, all eminent members of the Established Church; by Professors A. B. Bruce and T. M. Lindsay, Presbyterian; by Drs. Berry, Cave, Horton, Hunter, Duff, Mackennal, and Messrs. F. H. Stead, W. T. Stead, R. Wardlaw Thompson, Benjamin Waugh, and Norman H. Smith among Congregationalists; by Drs. Clifford and Glover among Baptists; and by P. W. Bunting, Hugh Price Hughes, H. S. Lunn, and Mark Guy Pearse among Methodists. That any great effect will be produced by this utterance, at least in the near future, we do not for a moment imagine. The suggestion concerning the observance of the Holy Communion means comparatively little when it is remembered, as has been well said, that the Episcopalians who on such occasions condescend to offer the sacrament to Nonconformists would on no account receive it from them or admit their right to administer it. There must be a full and frank recognition that all sincere Christians are in the Church of Christ, that all have an equal right to the sacrament, that ordination is not the exclusive prerogative of any party, before there can be much progress toward Christian union. Nevertheless, such utterances are useful as showing the dissatisfaction which exists concerning things as they are, and the longing for the realization of something more than a formal union among Christians. We venture to believe, however, that the spiritual must precede the formal in this case. There is division in the Christian Church because those things which are absolutely non-essential are given the first place. When it is remembered that forms, creeds, church organizations, are only means to an end, and that the spiritual is ever to determine, at its own time and in its own way, the form in which it will manifest itself, there will be something like real Christian unity. Until then, what can those who believe in the unity of the Church better do than to cease discussion and begin in the most direct and simple way to *be* one?

—The Rev. Dr. Henry Booth was on Tuesday of last week installed as the President of Auburn Theological Seminary at Auburn, N. Y.

—Ellsworth Bonfils has received and accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Portchester, N. Y. Mr. Bonfils began work at Mount Hope, this city, in the fall of 1889, where he founded and organized Christ Congregational Church in the summer of 1892.

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Church Music in England

Every one acquainted with the religious life of Great Britain knows that, especially in the cathedrals, church music has reached a high degree of perfection. It is not so generally known that many of the Nonconformist churches have given great attention to music as an aid to worship, and that among them are to be found some of the finest choirs in the Kingdom. The church of which the late Dr. Henry Allon was pastor, Union Chapel, Islington, was known all over England as having a peculiarly inspiring and worshipful musical service. Dr. Allon told the writer at one time that his large choir had never at a regular service of the church rendered any music by itself; everything is congregational. An anthem and a chant are sung at every service in addition to the hymns, and all the people sing with the greatest enthusiasm. They are led by a choir of between fifty and seventy-five voices, and those who have not heard the service at that church do not know what music can do for worship. As indicative of the enthusiasm in the cultivation of church music we call attention to the recent Nonconformist Choir Festival which was held at the Crystal Palace. Prizes were offered for choral singing, one being given to a Congregational church at East Dulwich, and another to a Wesleyan choir from Tunbridge. Then the combined choirs of the Union rendered some of the great music of the church in a way which could be done only by those who are carefully trained. We call attention to this Festival because we are fully convinced that the American churches might well take lessons from the English in church music. Either we go to one extreme, and put everything in the hands of a paid quartet, many of whose members often have no interest in religion; or we go to the other extreme, and presume that there can be no choir and congregational singing at the same time. In very few Dissenting churches in England have we ever heard anything rendered by the choir alone. They all have choirs, and are very careful about their training; and, on the other hand, they all have congregational singing. We know no churches in England in which the people keep silence during the service of praise. The Nonconformist Choir Union has done a great work in cultivating a taste for the best musical services among the people.

Gleanings

—The Presbyterian Synod of Cincinnati, by a vote of 78 to 51, has sustained the action of the Presbytery in suspending Professor H. P. Smith for heresy.

—The Rev. Theodore W. Curtis, who was lately arrested in Boston for Preaching on the Common without having previously procured a license to do so, has been fined one cent for the offense.

—The latest plan devised by Chautauqua consists in sending lectures, syllabuses, and all other materials to such centers as desire local lectures but are as yet unable to afford the expense of a lecturer. The Chautauqua extension lectures are arranged in courses of six lectures each, and are furnished in printed or mimeographed form. Local ministers, school-teachers, and others are secured to read them, and questions for discussion at the close of each lecture are suggested in the syllabus, a copy of which is given to every ticket-holder. Nearly seventy courses were given last winter with only one set of lectures, and so satisfactory were the results that five courses are now offered—viz., "Social Science," by Professor A. W. Small, Head Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago, a course treating many of the pressing social questions of the times; "Prophecies Concerning the Fall of Jerusalem," by Dr. William R. Harper, the well-known Biblical specialist; "Mediæval History and Art," by Professor William H. Goodyear, of the Brooklyn Institute, this course accompanied by an illustrated syllabus; "The Poetry and Teaching of Robert Browning," and "Greek Social Life," by Professor Owen Seaman, a graduate of Cambridge, England.

—The twelfth biennial Conference of what is now known as "The International Board of Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations" is to be held in Buffalo, under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association of that city, from Tuesday, October 24, to Tuesday, October 31, inclusive. It promises to be one of the most important and interesting conferences ever held. Representative women will be gathered, as delegates, from all over the land; over one hundred have already signified their intention to be present, including two from California, and almost all departments of woman's philanthropic work will be represented. Each branch of work will have a distinct time set apart for its consideration; boarding-homes, educational classes, industrial training, kindergartens, day-nurseries, Bible class and religious work—each will have its appropriate place, and much good is expected to result from the interchange of ideas on these and kindred subjects. The Buffalo Association offers a cordial welcome to all who are interested in Women's Christian Association work. Notice of intention to attend the Conference should be sent to Mrs. George Wadsworth, 370 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

—"A few days ago," says the "Christian Advocate," "Mrs. Thornton, wife of the Rev. Mr. Thornton, missionary of the American Missionary Society at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, arrived at San Francisco on the United States revenue cutter Corwin, bringing the body of her husband, who had been killed by the natives. He was thirty-six years old, a native of Virginia, and a graduate of Hampden Sidney College, and had been in the employ of the Missionary Society for three years in Alaska. After the first year he came to this city and took a medical course, where he met Miss Pratt, of Auburn, Maine, who was engaged in home mission work. They were married in April, 1892, and left at once for the mission fields. In his last letter home Mr. Thornton wrote that the natives were peaceable when not under the influence of liquor; when intoxicated they are dangerous. He was shot by three boys, one of whom had been expelled from the mission school. The natives generally were indignant, and slew two of the boys." The laws of the United States strictly forbid the furnishing of liquor to these Indians. That the Government does not or cannot enforce its own laws was the cause of Mr. Thornton's death.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Caldwell Morrison, of Orange, N. J., accepts a call from Conway, Mass.

—D. Butler Pratt has become associate pastor of the Rev. S. B. Halliday over the Beecher Memorial Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

—J. W. Strout, of Thomaston, Me., has resigned.

—J. C. Young accepts a call to the church at New Sharon and Farmington Falls, Me.

—Oscar Ostrum accepts a call to the church in Carbondale, Kan.

—C. T. Brown accepts a call to the First Church of Salt Lake City, Utah.

—C. F. Clarke, of Machias, Me., accepts a call to Whitneyville, Conn.

—Frank Blomfield accepts a call to Dexter, Mich.

—C. H. Ticknor, of Somerset, Mich., accepts a call to Galesburg.

—W. B. Allis has become pastor of the Pleasant Street Church of Arlington, Mass.

—W. H. Tibbals, late of Park College, accepts a call to the Lynn Church of Ogden, Utah.

—E. L. Clark was installed as pastor of the Central Church of Boston, Mass., on Thursday of this week.

—J. F. Van Horn was ordained and installed as pastor of the Columbia Church of Cincinnati, O., on October 5.

—E. J. Banks has become pastor of the church in Wayland, Mass.

PRESBYTERIAN

—E. F. Hallenbeck, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has accepted a call to Green Bush.

—John Hutchison, of Freeport, L. I., accepts a call to Arlington, N. J.

—C. H. Field accepts a second call to Bedford, N. H.

—George Miller accepts a call to the First Church of Chillicothe, Mo.

—J. A. Adair accepts a call to Grace Church, Saginaw, Mich.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Henry F. Nichols, M.D., who had preached for twenty years or more in Methodist churches in this vicinity, carrying on at the same time the study and practice of medicine, died in New York City on October 9, at the age of fifty-four.

—Isaac Carpenter was lately installed as pastor of the Main Street Baptist Church of Hinsdale, N. H.

—W. R. Breed, of Concord, Mass., accepts the rectorship of Christ Church (P. E.), Quincy.

—W. E. Evans accepts the rectorship of Trinity Church (P. E.), Columbia, S. C.

—A. G. L. Trew has resigned the rectorship of St. John's Church (P. E.), Oakland, Cal.

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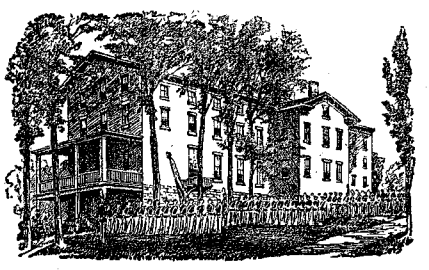
New York



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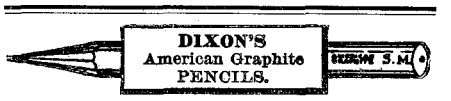

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Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

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If you have not, do you realize that only a few days remain in which to embrace this opportunity of a lifetime?

A visit to the World's Fair is in itself a liberal education. You can't afford to miss it. Do you know that all trains of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," stop at Falls View Station, affording passengers the most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the great cataract, and that this is the only line from the East that carries passengers *directly to the Exposition Grounds, with local stops* at Sixtieth Street (Midway Plaisance) and Fifty-third Street (Hyde Park), within easy walking distance of over one hundred hotels?

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The tickets cover every expense of travel both ways, and give the holders entire freedom on the Pacific Coast. They provide for visits to all of the leading California resorts.

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Additional California Excursions: January 10, 11, and 30, February 20 and 22, and March 8 and 14.

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Flag Station on So. Pacific R.R., 4 Miles East of SANTA BARBARA
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Illustrated book, describing Colorado Springs, sent on request by E. BARNETT, Proprietor.

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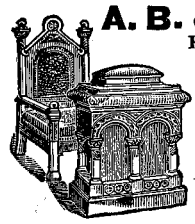

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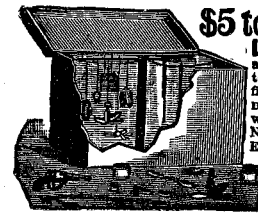

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110 pieces Needle-stripe Cheviots, dark reds, blues, browns, and mode shades, at 40 cents per yard.

120 pieces all-wool Winter Mixtures, in small checks, stripes, and mottled effects, choice new goods, at 50 cents per yard.

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Correspondence

A Personal Statement

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,
Congregational House, 1 Somerset Street,
Boston, October 9, 1893.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Dear Sirs—In the editorial of your last issue, entitled "The American Board," you say: "With two changes in the secretarial office, and one or two in the personnel of the Committee, there would be eliminated from the administration most of the conditions of unrest and dissatisfaction in the constituency of the Board." And further: "Their abilities have been employed of late, not so much in the things that make for the peace and unity of the churches and the advance of missions, as in carrying on a theological controversy and enforcing a policy of exclusion inaugurated by them in the mission rooms before the meeting at Des Moines."

I presume you do not refer to me in these statements, although I should be surprised to find you bringing such serious accusations against my honored colleagues. But as there is a possibility, in the absence of names, that I am mistaken, and you really had me in mind when this was written, I feel compelled to say to you explicitly, that, so far as I am concerned, the statement in the last sentence above quoted is absolutely without foundation. It is no light matter thus publicly to impeach the official integrity of a Christian brother, against whom no such charge has ever before been made, either publicly or privately, and with whom you have had no communication in any form respecting the charge. Neither is it a matter of small moment to bring discredit on the administration of a benevolent society like the Board, that has its greatest source of strength in the confidence which is reposed in its officials, by thus laying to their charge unproved and baseless accusations. It is my pride, as it has been my steadfast aim, in this high office, to bear myself with conscientious regard to all the duties and the proprieties of the post. With theological controversy I have had absolutely nothing to do; and in the discharge of my duties here at the mission rooms I have followed, to the best of my judgment, the clear wishes and instructions of the Board that has repeatedly called me to office. I am grieved and justly offended to find a Christian newspaper, in its editorial columns, disparaging my services and bringing a stain upon my reputation without the least proof or justification.

The Board's good name is a greater interest than my own; and by thus accusing me (if indeed I am included) of conduct which in your judgment would warrant summary dismissal, you do a serious injury to the Board and its great work. I must, therefore, on this account as well as on my own account, affirm the last statement above quoted to be absolutely without foundation, so far as I am concerned; and I shall expect you to withdraw it as publicly as it has been made, or present the proofs of what you assert.

Were the matter purely personal, I might let it pass without notice; but as it concerns the administration of the Board and its good name, I seem to have no choice but to make this correction and to ask this just reparation at your hands.

I am, very truly yours,
JUDSON SMITH.

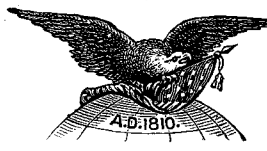
The Outlook has made no statements in this whole unhappy controversy without having satisfactory evidence before making them. But we are glad to believe that this controversy has now been settled, and we do not desire to utter any word to reopen it. The plan of unity of the churches and the advance of missions is, we trust, secured by the action at Worcester, and we gladly give place to this letter as evidence that the entire administration of the Board will in the future be conducted in harmony with the principles involved in that action—the representative character of the Board, the rotary character of the Prudential Committee, and the acceptance for missionary service of men of the character and views of Mr. Noyes.

—Since the advent of Leo XIII. to the pontifical throne he has created ninety-two Cardinals, that number having died in the course of his pontificate. The College of Cardinals, since the nominations at the last consistory, numbers sixty-three, of whom thirty-four are Italian and twenty-nine foreigners. The foreigners are divided as follows, according to their nationality: Seven French, five Austro-Hungarian, five German, four Spanish, two Portuguese, two American, one English, one Irish, one Belgian, and one Australian.

—The London "Times" asserts that Tom Mann, the associate of John Burns and Keir Hardie in leading the labor movement in Great Britain, is about to take holy orders. Some time during the holidays he will be appointed to the curacy of a populous parish in an industrial district.

FINANCIAL

AMERICAN FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY



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A Tennyson Story

A capital story is told about the late Laureate and his wonderful poem "The Revenge," by a correspondent of the Leeds "Mercury," who vouches for its truth. The poem was first published in the "Nineteenth Century" in 1878 or 1879. On the eve of its publication Tennyson invited between thirty and forty of his most intimate friends to his house in Eaton Square, in order that he might recite this patriotic piece to them. It is well known that Lord Tennyson was an excellent man of business. Had he written "Paradise Lost," he would have been both very hungry and very cold before accepting £10 for the copyright. A letter of his is in existence which, after offering the right to publish his works at a certain price, ends with a declaration that, whether the publisher accepts his offer or not, he (Lord Tennyson) would not accept "a blessed penny" less! In fact, he was very much like a certain Leeds banker who, when asked by a customer to cash a draft for a large amount over the counter, replied, "We do nothing for nothing for nobody here." In Mr. Wemyss Reid's "Life of Lord Houghton" there is an amusing letter from the late Laureate, which compares the writing of poetry for nothing to the milking of he goats. When the recital of "The Revenge" in Eaton Square took place, there was much "jingo" feeling about in fashionable society in London, and not a few infected persons were among the select audience. As the poet proceeded in his rich and sonorous tones, rendered all the more attractive by his Lincolnshire accent, the favored few hung upon his words. When he reached the last lines—

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags,
To be lost evermore in the main—

the feelings of all present were strung up into excitement and enthusiasm, when, to the amazement of all, the Laureate added, without the slightest pause, and without the least change of tone in his voice, "And the beggars only gave me £300 for it, when it was worth at least £500 or more!"

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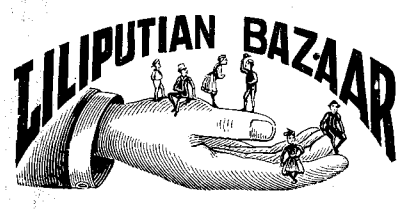

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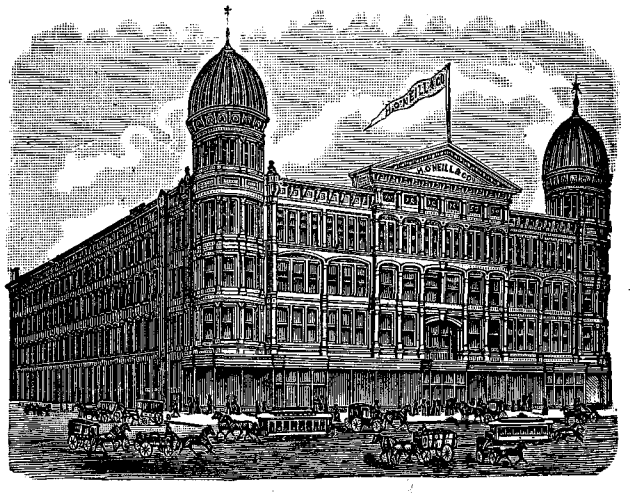

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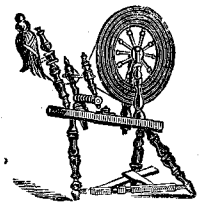

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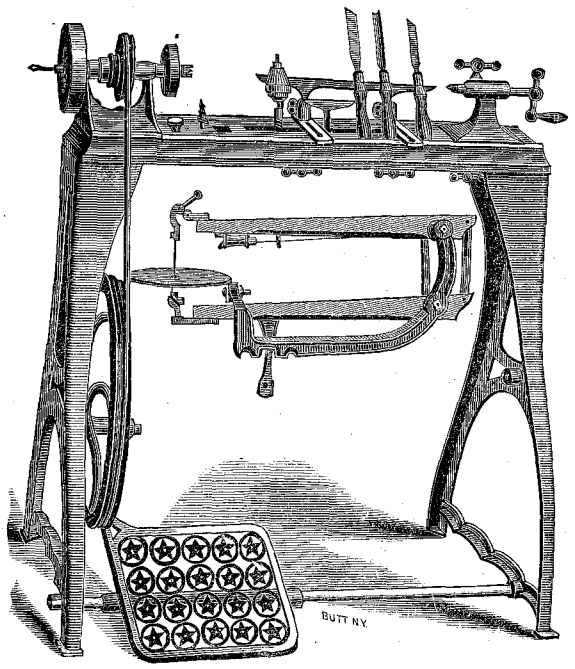

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